Latin Hymns

with

Original Translations.

Dr. Coles.

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DIES IRÆ.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Dies Iræ

IN

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL VERSIONS

BY

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With Photographic Illustrations

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INTRODUCTION.

IT would be difficult to find, in the whole range of literature, a production to which a profounder intereſt attaches than to that magnificent canticle of the Middle Ages, the DIES IRÆ. Faſtening on that which is indeſtructible in man, and giving fitter expreſſion than can elsewhere be found, to experiences and emotions which can never cease to agitate him, it has loſt after the lapse of ſix centuries none of its original freſhness and transcendent power to affect the heart. It has commanded alike the admiration of men of piety and men of taſte. By common consent, it is as Daniel remarks: *sacræ poeseos summum decus et Ecclesiæ Latinæ* κειμήλιον *est pretioſiſſimum.* Among gems it is the diamond. It is solitary in

its excellence. Of Latin Hymns, it is the beſt known and the acknowledged maſterpiece. There are others which poſſess much sweetness and beauty, but this ſtands unrivalled. It has superior beauties, with none of their defects. For the moſt part they are more or less Romiſh, but this is Catholic, and not Romiſh at all. It is universal as humanity. It is the cry of the human. It bears indubitable marks of being a personal experience.

The author is supposed to have been a monk: an incredible suppoſition truly did we not know that a monk is also a man. One thing is certain, that the monk does not appear, and that it is the man only that speaks. He no longer dreams and drivels. He is effectually awake. The veil is lifted. He sees Chriſt coming to Judgment. All the tumult and the terror of the Laſt Day are present to him. The final pause and syncope of Nature; the ſhuddering of a horror-ſtruck Universe; the down-ruſhing and wreck of all things—all are present. But these material circumſtances of horror and amazement, he feels are as nothing compared with "the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Juſt Judge." This

ſingle conſideration swallows up every other. The intereſts of an eternity are crowded into a moment.

One great secret of the power and enduring popularity of this Hymn is, undoubtedly, its genuineness. A vital ſincerity breathes throughout. It is a cry *de profundis;* and the cry becomes sometimes—so intense are the terror and solicitude—almoſt a ſhriek. It is in the higheſt degree pathetic. The Muse is "Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears." Every line weeps. Underneath every word and syllable, a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm, or that alternate elevation and depreſſion of the voice, which prosodiſts call the *arſis* and the *theſis*, one might almoſt fancy were synchronous with the contraction and the dilatation of the heart. It is more than dramatic. The horror and the dread are real: are actual not acted. A human heart is laid bare, quivering with life, and we see and hear its tumultuous throbbings. We sympathize—nay, before we are aware, we have changed places. We, too, tremble and quail and cry aloud.

All true Lyric Poetry is subjective. The DIES IRÆ is, as we have seen, remarkable for its intense

subjectivity; and whoever duly appreciates this characteriſtic, will have little difficulty in underſtanding its superior effectiveness over everything else that has been written on the same theme. The life of the writer has paſſed into it and informs it, so that it is itself alive. It has vital forces and emanations. Its life mingles with our life. It enters into our veins and circulates in our blood. A virtue goes out from it. It is electrically charged, and contact is inſtantly followed by a ſhock and ſhuddering.

Springing from its subjectivity, if not identical with it, we would further notice, the intenſifying effect of what may be called its personalism, in other words its ego-ism. It is I and not We. Subſtitute the plural pronoun for the ſingular, and it would lose half its pungency. We have had occaſion to observe the weakening effect of this in tranſlation. The truth is, the feeling is of a kind too concentrated and too exacting to allow itself to be diſſipated in the vagueness of any grouping generality. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There is a grief that cannot be ſhared, neither can it be joined on to another's. It is not social nor common. It is mine

and not yours. It is exclusive, not because it is selfish, but because it has depths beyond the soundings of ordinary sympathy.

This is especially true of some of the intenser forms of religious experience, proceeding as they do from that which is most intimate and innermost, the penetralia of a man's consciousness, his most secret and peculiar self. There is an inner and privileged sanctuary of the heart, which is kept as a chamber locked up. It is hidden and sacred. It may be, that the individual, dwelling habitually in the outer courts of his being, rarely if ever enters into it himself. For man is twofold. A veil divides between the outer and the inner man. Gross and sensual, the majority of mankind are averse to lifting the concealing medium, for fear of unwelcome revelations and discoveries respecting themselves. Goethe is an example of this portentous preference for half knowledge: "Man," he says, "is a darkened being; he knows not whence he came, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it."

In conversion to God this veil is rent from top to

bottom. There is a self-revelation. Behind the curtain, there in the Moſt Holy Place, where ought to be the Shekinah, the ſhining, senſible Manifeſtation of the Divine Presence, he beholds the Abomination of Iniquity set up. He awakes to the ſtartling fact that he is "without God and without hope in the world." A voice of urgency is sounding in his ears: "Flee from the Wrath to Come." He anticipates the terrors of the Judgment. He feels that there is not a moment to lose. Instinct prompts, and the Word of God enjoins, that he seek to save himself firſt. He knows not whether others are in as bad a case as he. But of his own guilt and danger he has no doubt. An offended Maker confronts him, him in particular. So he prays and agonizes. His may not be "the thews which throw the world"—he is conscious of weakness rather than ſtrength—yet ſingly and alone, he wreſtles with God like Jacob, and prevails like Israel.

The Hymn is not only lyrical in its eſſence, but also in its form. It is inſtinct with muſic. It ſings itself. The grandeur of its rhythm, and the aſſonance and chime of its fit and powerful words, are,

even in the ears of those unacquainted with the Latin language, ſuggeſtive of the richeſt and mightieſt harmonies. The verse is ternary; and the ternary number, having been eſteemed anciently a symbol of perfection and held in great veneration, may possibly have had something to do with the choice of the ſtrophe. Be this as it may, its metrical ſtructure, as all agree, conſtitutes by no means the leaſt of its extraordinary merits. Trench, in his Selections from Latin Poetry, speaks of the metre as being grandly devised, and fitted to bring out some of the nobleſt powers of the Latin language; and as being, moreover, unique, forming the only example of the kind that he remembers. He notices the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, comparable to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil. Knapp, in his Liederschatz, likens the original to a blaſt from the trump of resurrection, and declares its power inimitable in any tranſlation.

HISTORY OF THE HYMN.

THE authorſhip of the Dies Iræ is aſcribed, apparently upon good grounds, to Thomas of Celano, ſo called from a ſmall town of that name in Italy. He was a friend and pupil and subsequently the biographer of St. Francis of Aſſiſi, the founder of the order of Minorites, (called also Friars-Minor, Grey Friars or Franciscans, being one of the four orders of mendicant friars,) inſtituted in 1208. Wadding, an Iriſhman and a Minorite, who lived in the firſt half of the seventeenth century, and who wrote a hiſtory of his order, expreſſly refers it to Celano. He mentions two other hymns or Sequences composed by him, one beginning: *Fregit victor virtualis;* the other: *Sanctitatis nova ſigna.* The circum-

ſtance of the Dominican Sixtus Senenſis affecting to sneer at it, calling it *rhythmus inconditus*, is regarded as confirmatory of the opinion, that it was at leaſt the work of a Franciscan; the bitter rivalries subſiſting between the two orders affording, it is thought, the moſt plauſible explanation of a criticism so manifeſtly splenetic and unjuſt. Another corroborative circumſtance is its early admiſſion into the Franciscan Miſſals, by which means a knowledge of it was spread throughout Europe. The correctness of this inference is further suſtained by the fact, that, inscribed on a marble ſlab in the Franciscan Church of St. Francis at Mantua, was found one of the earlieſt copies of the hymn, representing, it is believed, the text as it came from the hands of the author. Dr. Mohnike, a learned and able editor of the Dies Iræ, furniſhes an old copy of the Mantuan text, which differs from the Received text chiefly in this, that the firſt four ſtanzas are additional. They are here given with a tranſlation annexed; also the heading which is as follows:

Meditatio Vetuſta et Venuſta
de Noviſſimo Judicio
quæ Mantuæ in æde D. Francisci in
marmore legitur.

1. Cogita, anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis,
Chriſto venturo de cœlis.

Weigh with solemn thought and tender,
What response, thou, Soul, wilt render,
Then when Chriſt ſhall come in splendor

2. Cum deposcet rationem
Ob boni omiſſionem,
Ob mali commiſſionem.

And thy life ſhall be inspected,
All its hidden guilt detected,
Evil done and good neglected.

3. Dies illa, dies iræ,
Quam conemur prævenire
Obviamque Deo ire;

For that day of vengeance neareth:
Ready be each one that heareth
God to meet when He appeareth,

4. Seria contritione,
Gratiæ apprehenſione,
Vitæ emendatione.

By repenting, by believing,
By God's offered grace receiving,
By all evil courſes leaving.

The succeeding ſixteen verſes are the same, with ſlight variations, as those of the Church or Received text; but in place of the next verse, which forms the 17th of this, beginning: *Oro supplex et acclinis*, the Mantuan copy has the following for its 21ſt and concluding ſtanza:

21. Conſors ut beatitatis
Vivam cum juſtificatis
In ævum æternitatis. Amen.

That in fellowſhip fraternal
With inhabitants supernal
I may live the life eternal. Amen.

That the abbreviation of the poem, by the omiſſion of the four opening ſtanzas, adds greatly to its general, and ſtill more to its lyric effectiveness, there can be no doubt. The rejected verſes, partaking of

a quiet and meditative character, impair the force of the lyric element. In its present form, all is vehement ſtir and movement, from the grand and ſtartling abruptness of its opening, to the sweet and powerful pathos of its solemn and impreſſive close.

Beſides Celano, various other names have had their supporters for the honor of the authorſhip of this poem. It has been attributed to Gregory the Great, who lived at a period some ſix hundred years earlier. But this would involve the neceſſity of suppoſing that a poem of such extraordinary merit could remain unknown and unnoticed during so many centuries, which is not at all likely. Beſides, it is certain, that, while rhyme was not altogether unknown or unused at that time, it had by no means reached that ſtate of perfection which this poem exhibits.*

Leonard Meiſter, a Swiss writer, claimed that Felix Hämmerlin, (Latinized into Malleolus,) a Church dignitary of Zürich, born in 1389, and who died about 1457, was the author of Dies Iræ, because among Hämmerlin's poems he found a manuscript of this hymn; but the evidence is quite concluſive,

* See Appendix—Origin of Latin Rhyme.

that the hymn was in existence before his time. In the Hämmerlin text, the 16th verse is followed by eight more, probably supplied by Hämmerlin himself. They are here subjoined.

17. Oro supplex a ruinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis!

From the ruins of creation,
Make I contrite supplication:
Interpose for my salvation!

18. Lachrymosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,

On that day of woe and weeping,
When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Starts, from ashes where he's sleeping,

19. Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus!
Esto semper adjutor meus!

Man account to Thee to render:
Spare the miserable offender!
Be my Helper and Defender!

20. Quando cœli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus pœnitendi.

When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying;

21. Sed salvatis læta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed dæmonum effigies.

To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and shapes of madness.

22. O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor Trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis!

God of infinite perfection,
Trinity's serene reflection,
Give me part with the election!

23. Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genetricem,
Jesse florem et radicem.

Happiness upon me ſhower,
For Thy Mother's sake, with power
Who is Jeſſe's root and flower.

24. Præſta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce noſtrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes, Amen!

From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
Fight Thou with us or fight for us,
So we'll ſhout, Amen, in chorus.

Taking for granted that the Mantuan was the original text, it would follow that the truncation of the four introductory verſes spoken of had already taken place at the time of Hämmerlin; and it is furthermore obvious that the 17th and 18th verſes of the Received text muſt have been formed out of the firſt three of the supplemented verſes of Hämmerlin, as follows, viz.: by subſtituting, in the 17th verse, "et acclinis" for "a ruinis," and taking the firſt two lines of the two succeeding verſes, being triplets, to make up the 18th verse, which conſiſts of four lines. Bating a few verbal variations, the firſt ſixteen verſes of the Hämmerlin and

Church texts correspond. The last named is founded on the Roman Missal first published in 1567, under the sanction and after the revision of the Council of Trent. It forms the basis of the present, as it does of most translations.

A brief reference to some of the more important variations in the text, and an explanation of certain allusions which occur therein, may not be uninteresting. The first line, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, plainly points to a passage of Scripture from the Vulgate,—Zephaniah I. 15. The whole verse reads thus: "DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitatis et miseriæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulæ et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris." In the third line, the change of the Mantuan reading, "Petro" into "David," as it now stands, may have been due, it is conjectured, to a feeling that there was greater appropriateness in David's being associated with the ante-Christian Sibyl. From the aversion felt to the introduction of a heathen Sibyl into a Christian and still more a Church hymn, a Missal of the diocese of Metz, published in 1778, rejecting the third line, adopts, but without

the authority of a ſingle manuscript, another reading as follows :

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvet sæclum in favilla.

Day of wrath, that day amazing,
High the bannered cross upraiſing,
While the universe is blazing.

The alluſion here is to the ſign of the coming of the Son of Man in heaven, mentioned in Matthew xxiv. 3 ; and is indicative of the belief, that the ſign there spoken of would have its fulfilment in the apparition of a cross in the ſky. But the older and the true reading is doubtless the other, which refers to the Sibyl as bearing concurrent teſtimony with the prophet of the Old or the New Teſtament, David or Peter, (Psalm xcvi. 13 ; xcvii. 3 ; xi. 6 ; 2 Peter iii. 7,) touching the deſtruction of the world and the final judgment. The 2d, 7th, and 8th books of the "Sibylline Oracles" are full of passages which refer to these, but it is probable that the reference here is more immediately to verſes ex-

tracted therefrom, found in Lactantius (Divin. Inſtitut. lib. vii. De Vita Beata, cap. 16–24). In the earlier ages of the Church, these pretended prophecies were regarded with no little veneration; wherefore it is by no means uncommon to find Chriſtian writers placing them ſide by ſide with Scriptural prophecies, and, as in the case before us, making solemn appeal to them. The discovery of their true character as worthless forgeries was reserved for a later period.

This poem, which, there is every reason to believe, was originally the inspiration of retirement, the solitary outpouring of

> "a suppliant heart all cruſhed
> And crumbled into contrite duſt,"—

to adopt the language of Craſhaw's verſion at the 17th verse,—came afterwards, when it had paſſed into Church use, to receive the title of SEQUENCE, from the place aſſigned to it in the service of the Mass for the Dead. The precise time when this occurred cannot be determined, but it muſt have been early, for Albizzi speaks of it as being in common use as a Sequence in 1385. For an explanation of this

term, the reader is referred to the Appendix at the end of this volume.

If the origin of the hymn be somewhat obscure, not so have been its subsequent fortunes. Through the long centuries that have elapsed ſince the time it firſt became known to the world, its extraordinary merits have been ſteadily recognized. Its light has been that of a ſtar, whose keen and diamond luſtre intermits not nor grows dim, but ſhines on the same from age to age. Its miſſion from the beginning has been one of power. To some, there is reason to believe, it has been "the power of God unto salvation." Scattered everywhere along its track are seen the luminous footprints of its victorious progress as the subduer of hearts. The greateſt minds have delighted to bear teſtimony to its worth. Goethe evinced his appreciation of it by introducing certain verses of it into his "Fauſt,"—with how grand an effect we all know. Boswell relates of Dr. Johnson, that, "when he would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Eccleſiaſtica pro Mortuis*, beginning: *Dies iræ, dies illa*, he could never pass the ſtanza ending thus: *Tantus labor non ſit caſſus*, without burſting into a flood of tears."

It is said that Ancina, a Profeſſor of Medicine in the Univerſity of Turin, was so ſtrongly affected by hearing one day the Dies Iræ chanted in the service for the dead, that he determined to abandon the world. He afterwards became Biſhop of Saluzzo. Milman, in his "Hiſtory of Chriſtianity," speaking of the Latin poetry of the Chriſtian Church, remarks: "There is nothing, in my judgment, to be compared with the monkiſh *Dies iræ, dies illa.*" To these names might be added those of many other eminent scholars and critics, all bearing like teſtimony. But the crowning proof of its unrivalled excellence is found in the fact, that, mingled with the ſighs and gaspings of diſſolving Nature, the measured beat of its melodious rhythm has been so often heard; now, it may be, in the soft murmur of words half audible, and now in the clear tones of a diſtinct utterance, iſſuing from the pale and trembling lips of the dying. The Earl of Roscommon, we are told, repeated with great energy and devotion, in the moment when he expired, two lines of his own tranſlation of the 17th verse:—

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Sir Walter Scott evinced his regard for it in the same affecting manner, during his laſt hours: "We very often," says his biographer, "heard diſtinctly the cadence of the Dies Iræ."

It is certainly somewhat remarkable, that, while thus solemnly aſſociated with the dying moments of these two illuſtrious maſters of song, who had likewise employed their pens in the taſk of rendering it into Engliſh, it ſhould have had a connection not diſſimilar with the death of that great composer by whose means this immortal poem has come to be worthily wedded to immortal muſic. It is well known that Mozart's Requiem is founded on it. This, his greateſt work, perhaps, was deſtined also to be his laſt, of which, it is said, he had a solemn presentiment. His death occurred before it was entirely finiſhed. Beſides Mozart, other diſtinguiſhed composers, such as Cherubini, Haydn, Jomelli, Paläſtrina, and Pergoleſi, have exercised their genius upon the same theme and the same text.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE HYMN.

THE number of translations made of this hymn into different languages it were not easy to estimate. Those in German are particularly numerous. In a work dedicated to these, edited by Dr. F. G. Lisco, (Berlin, 1840,) as many as seventy versions, more or less complete, are given; the number being further increased three years afterwards by the addition of seventeen others, appended to a volume of translations, by the same editor, of the Stabat Mater.*

* For the loan of both the above works the writer is indebted to the Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., who, in a Note, afterwards somewhat enlarged and thrown into an Appendix, affixed to an Address on the "Conservative Principle of our Literature," first published in 1843, and subsequently included in his volume of "Miscellanies," has, with his usual

There is one in French, one in Romaic or Modern Greek, one in Dutch, and one in Latin, all the reſt being German. In nearly every case, pains have been taken to preserve the exact measure and form of the original. The superior flexibility of the German, and its greater supply of words adapted for double rhyme, give tranſlators in that language a decided advantage. The difficulty involved in triplicating the double rhymes, owing to the poverty of our language in words suitable for the purpose, without practiſing awkward and inelegant inverſions, is probably the reason why English tranſlators, even where they have been careful to retain the triplet form of the ſtanza, have failed to preserve the rhyming close.

Craſhaw's, one of the oldeſt and nobleſt of the English tranſlations, and which in the opinion of an eminent critic was not surpaſſed by anything he ever wrote, is done in quatrains, or ſingle rhymed couplets

eloquence and exhauſtive learning, given a very full and inſtructive account of this hymn and its tranſlations; adding in the later editions a verſion of his own, one of the first made in ternary double rhyme.

repeated; and, on account of the freeness of the rendering, might more properly be called a reproduction than a translation. The Earl of Roscommon, celebrated in Dryden's verse as the greatest poet of his time, was the author of a version praised by Pope as the best of his poetical performances; although he is considered as having borrowed both from Crashaw and Dryden. It is in triplets like the original, but without double rhyme, and the verse is iambic instead of trochaic.

The few verses introduced by Sir Walter Scott into the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and which have found their way into almost all the more recent Collections of Hymns used in our Churches, though spirited and impressive, can scarcely be called a translation, being little more than an echo of one or two of the leading sentiments of the Latin original. Another familiar hymn, contained in most Hymn books, commencing,

"Lo! He comes in clouds descending,"

purports to be a translation of the Dies Iræ; but in respect neither to form nor spirit does it corre-

spond very accurately to the original. Although there are other verſions of more or less merit, some made by our own scholars, a further enumeration might be tedious. "It is not wonderful," as Trench remarks, "that a poem such as this ſhould have continually allured and continually defied tranſlators."

The Author of the Tranſlations here publiſhed scarcely knows how to ſhield himself from the imputation of presumption to which his attempt exposes him. The number of his verſions is Thirteen. The first ſix have the somewhat rare merit, so far at leaſt as Engliſh verſions are concerned, of being metrically conformed, both as it respects rhyme and rhythm, to the original. The five succeeding ones are like in rhythm, but vary from the original in not preserving the double rhyme. The one which follows is in iambic triplets, like Roscommon's; and the laſt in quatrains, after the manner of Craſhaw's verſion.

It has been the aim of the Tranſlator to be in all caſes as faithful as poſſible to the senſe and spirit of the original, and likewise to the letter, but not so ſlaviſhly as to preclude variety. He has en-

deavored to carry out likeness in unlikeness, and to give to each verſion, so far as practicable, the intereſt of a diſtinct poem. How far he has succeeded others muſt judge. The preservation of the double rhyme involved some special difficulties, which he has overcome as well as he could; but he would not be surprised if some readers preferred the eaſier metres, and indulges the hope that the multiplication of verſions may serve, among other things, to meet this diverſity of taſte. But there are some, if he mistakes not, who enjoy those pleasing surprises in viewing an object, that result from an altered attitude and a new angle of vision,—the curious changes which follow every fresh turn of a revolving kaleidoscope,—and the writer is willing therefore to believe that such, at any rate, will not be displeased at this attempt to supply the deficiency of one verſion by another and yet another, in the hope that thereby the original may be exhibited, approximately at least, in its solid entireness.

Young, in his "Eſſay on Lyric Poetry," aſſerts that difficulty overcome gives grace and pleasure, and he accounts for the pleasure of rhyme in general

upon this principle. Having failed in his own case to afford an exemplification of great success in this particular, his critic and biographer, Johnson, somewhat sarcaſtically remarks: "But then the writer muſt take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſt with as perfect ſenſe and expreſſion as would be expected, if he were perfectly free from that ſhackle." Hence, the greater the difficulties to be surmounted, the greater is the need of elaboration, until art conceals art.

The present Tranſlator, recognizing fully the propriety of the rule here ſtated, does not feel that he has any right to plead the arduousness of his taſk, as an excuse for any inſtances, if such there be, of forced and unnatural conſtruction, resorted to in order to meet the exigencies of rhyme or metre. What is called poetic license is, he is aware, a license of power and grace, and not of weakness and deformity, being tantamount to a license to dance or ſing, in place of ordinary walking or speaking. Poetic chains, undoubtedly, were meant not to confine and cripple, but to regulate movement in conformity with settled laws; the object being, not to puniſh

speech, but to exalt and honor it,—to grace language, not disgrace it.

To preserve, in connection with the utmost fidelity and ſtrictness of rendering, all the rhythmic merits of the Latin original,—to attain to a vital likeness as well as to an exact literalness, at the same time that nothing is sacrificed of its muſical sonorousness and billowy grandeur, easy and graceful in its swing as the ocean on its bed,—to make the verbal copy, otherwise cold and dead, glow with the fire of lyric passion,—to reflect, and that too by means of a ſingle verſion, the manifold aspects of the many-sided original, exhauſting at once its wonderful fulness and pregnancy,—to cause the white light of the primitive so to pass through the medium of another language as that it ſhall undergo no refraction whatever,—would be deſirable, certainly, were it practicable; but so much as this it were unreasonable to expect in any tranſlation.

All the verſions here given were written and nearly ready for the press more than two years ago; but, influenced partly by a senſe of their imperfectness, and partly by a doubt as to the reception that a book

exclusively devoted to a single hymn might meet with from the public, the Translator has delayed their appearance until now, when, encouraged by the favorable opinion expressed by some, whose names, were it proper to give them, would be regarded, he doubts not, as an apology for his boldness, he ventures the experiment of publication. He does not deny that the amount of public favor that has been already accorded to two of the versions, viz., those marked I. and II., published anonymously in the "Newark Daily Advertiser" several years since, the first as long ago as 1847, has had something to do with overcoming his distrust. To avoid misapprehension, it is right to state, that two verses of the first were introduced into Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and by these accidental means have enjoyed a world-wide currency. More recently this version has been honored with a place in the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," edited by Henry Ward Beecher, and set to music. It was, so far as the Translator knows, the first attempt, with a single exception, to reproduce in English the ternary double rhyme of the original.

ET STATUET OVES QUIDEM
A DEXTRIS SUIS

CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.

DE NOVISSIMO JUDICIO.

DIES iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teſte David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor eſt futurus,
Quando Judex eſt venturus,
Cuncta ſtrictè discuſſurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors ſtupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix juſtus ſit securus?

Rex tremendæ majeſtatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me sediſti laſſus,
Redemiſti crucem paſſus:
Tantus labor non ſit caſſus!

Juſte Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remiſſionis
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolviſti,
Et latronem exaudiſti,
Mihi quoque spem dediſti.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præſta,
Et ab hædis me sequeſtra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ!

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis !

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to aſhes turning.

Oh, what fear ſhall it engender,
When the Judge ſhall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and juſt to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resiſtless summons thunder.

All aghaſt then Death ſhall ſhiver,
And great Nature's frame ſhall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Book, where actions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded,
Shall be brought and dooms awarded.

When ſhall ſit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No juſt vengeance then deferring.

What ſhall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the juſt man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power poſſeſſing,
Saving freely those confeſſing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Bleſſing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didſt bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet haſted,
On the cross Thy soul death taſted:
Let such travail not be waſted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Make me gift of abſolution
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek ſhame's crimſon token:
Let the pardoning word be ſpoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'ſt remiſſion,
Heard'ſt the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'ſt with hope my loſt condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Leſt I endleſs fire inherit!

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy ſheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When th' accurſed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bleſſed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, proſtrate lying,
Heart as aſhes, contrite, ſighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man ſhall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

II.

DAY ſhall dawn that has no morrow,
Day of vengeance, day of ſorrow,
As from Prophecy we borrow.

It ſhall burn, that day of trouble,
As a furnace heated double,
And the wicked ſhall be ſtubble.

O, what trembling, when the rifted
Skies ſhall ſhow the Judge uplifted,
And all ſtrictly ſhall be ſifted!

Trump ſhall ſound a blaſt appalling,
On the grave's deep ſtillness falling,
Small and great before Him calling.

Death with fear ſhall be o'ertaken,
Nature to her base be ſhaken,
When the ſleeping dead ſhall waken.

Volume ſhall be brought, whose pages
Regiſter the deeds of ages,
Whence the world ſhall have juſt wages.

When that Court ſhall hold its seſſion,
Every mouth ſhall make confeſſion,
Left unpuniſhed no transgreſſion.

How, alas! in that dread season,
Shall I answer for my treason,
When the righteous fear with reason?

Awful King, who nothing craveſt,
Since Thyself full ransom gaveſt,
Save Thou me, who freely saveſt!

Me, for whom, with love so tender,
Thou didſt leave Thy throne of splendor,
Jesus, do not then surrender!

Wearily for me Thou toiledſt,
Diedſt for me and Satan spoiledſt:
Let not triumph whom Thou foiledſt!

Thou, whose frown will be damnation,
Grant me earneſt of salvation,
Ere that day of consummation!

Culprit-like, I, self-convicted,
Bluſhing, proſtrate, and afflicted,
Kneel for mercy unreſtricted.

Thou, who Mary's faith rewardedſt,
Pardon to the Thief accordedſt,
Me, too, trembling hope affordedſt.

Poor my prayers, but give ensample
Of Thy goodness rich and ample,
Leſt insulted Juſtice trample!

With Thy chosen flock unspotted,
Severed from the herd besotted,
Be my place that day allotted!

When Thy curse ſhall blaſt and wither,
Doom to hell and baniſh thither,
Bid me with the bleſſed, Come hither!

Care for me as one who feareth,
One who haſteth when he heareth,
When my solemn exit neareth!

When the light of that day flaſhes,
And man rises from his aſhes
At Thy bar account to render,
Spare then, Lord, the pale offender!

III.

AY of Vengeance and of Wages,
Fiery goal of all the ages,
Burden of prophetic pages!

Guilty wretches, vainly fleeing
From that flaming Eye, whose seeing
Searches all the depths of being.

Wakened by that Trump of Wonder,
Answering Earthquakes, roaring under,
Heave and split the ground asunder;

And the buried generations,
People of all times and nations,
Live again and take their ſtations,

Each immortal pale offender,
Round the Great White Throne of Splendor,
Strict account to God to render;

Who, unmocked and unmiſtaken,
Shall pronounce the doom unſhaken,
And long ſlumbering vengeance waken.

What if weighed and found deficient?
Standing at that bar omniscient,
Who hath righteousness sufficient?

King of Holiness unspotted,
By Thy merit me allotted
Let my guilt be freely blotted!

Me, for whom Thou ſhame didſt borrow,
Trod'ſt the paths of earthly sorrow,
Lose not on that dreadful morrow!

Seeking me Thou weary sankeſt,
All my cup of trembling drankeſt,
Nor from death, to save me, shrankeſt.

Muſt I ſink yet to perdition?
God of Vengeance, grant remiſſion,
Ere that Day of Inquiſition!

Filled with ſhame and conſternation,
Lifting hands of ſupplication,
Spare me, God of my Salvation!

Let ſuch grace be manifeſted,
As on weeping Mary reſted,
As was towards the Thief atteſted!

Though no worth in me diſcerning,
Spurn not, though I merit ſpurning:
Reſcue me from endleſs burning!

When diviſion is effected
'Mong the race of men collected,
Leave me not with the rejected!

When Thy curſe from Thee ſhall ſever,
Kindling hells, extinguiſhed never,
Join me to Thyſelf forever!

From the aſhes of contrition,
From the depths I make petition:
Grant my ſoul a ſafe diſmiſſion!

When that day ſhall ſnare th' unwary,
And ſhall guilty man unbury,
Spare me then, Dread Adversary!

IV.

AY of Prophecy! it flaſhes,
Falling ſpheres together daſhes,
And the world conſumes to aſhes.

O, what fear of wrath impending,
When the Judge is ſeen deſcending,
Inquiſition ſtrict intending!

God's awakening Trump ſhall ſcatter
Summons through the world of matter,
And the Throne of Death ſhall ſhatter.

What amazement, when forgotten
Generations, dead and rotten,
Suddenly are rebegotten!

Book and Record univerſal
Shall be opened for rehearſal,
Whence the doom without reverſal.

When by that dread Judge inspected,
Nothing ſhall pass undetected,
Unavenged nor uncorrected.

How ſhall I, a wretch unſtable,
Bide that hour inevitable,
When the juſt man scarce is able?

Dreadful King, from Thee, the Giver,
Flows salvation like a river:
Fount of Mercy, me deliver!

Thou, who, touched with my condition,
Sought to save me from perdition,
Be Thou mindful of Thy miſſion!

Let Thy death for my offences,
Horror of Thy soul and senses,
Be not void of consequences!

Blot my ſins, ere that reviſion,
Day of ultimate deciſion,
When Thy foes are in deriſion!

From my eyes repentance guſhes,
O'er my cheeks spread crimson bluſhes:
Spare the worm Thy terror cruſhes!

Thou, who wert of old moſt gracious
Ev'n to ſinners moſt audacious,
Is Thy mercy now less spacious?

Worthless all the prayers I offer:
Grace muſt seal what grace doth proffer,
Else I periſh with the scoffer.

When Thou makeſt separation,
With Thy sheep aſſign my ſtation,
Saints of every age and nation!

When the malison eternal
Baniſhes to fires infernal,
Bid me enter realms supernal!

Thou, who doſt, with care unſleeping,
Keep that truſted to Thy keeping,
Save my eyes from endless weeping!

Day of tears, consuming, cruel,
With a burning world for fuel,
Man ſhall rise from glowing embers,
Made complete in all his members:
Ah! what plea will then be valid,
When the ſinner, trembling, pallid,
Waits to hear his sentence given?
Spare him then, O God of Heaven!

V.

AY of vengeance, end of scorning,
World in aſhes, world in mourning,
Whereof Prophets utter warning!

O, what trembling, when the falling
Rocks and mountains hear men calling,
"Hide me from that face appalling!"

Freezing fear the blood will thicken,
Death and Hell be horror-ſtricken,
When the myſtic Trump ſhall quicken

All the buried duſt of ages,—
Monarchs, chieftains, ſtatesmen, sages,
Actors on unnumbered ſtages,—

Summoned to the dread recital
Of that Record ſtrict and vital,
Basis of a juſt requital.

Every maſk of falsehood riven, —
Guilt, from every covert driven,
Shall to puniſhment be given.

'Mid the horror and confuſion
Of that sorrowful concluſion
Of each miserable deluſion,

Whither, ah! ſhall I betake me?
Thou, O King, whose terrors ſhake me,
Of Thy grace a trophy make me!

Jesus! by Thine incarnation,
By Thy miſſion of salvation,
Then avert juſt condemnation!

By Thy pity, love unfailing,
By the cross's bitter nailing,
Let not all be unavailing!

Dread Avenger of transgreſſion,
Cleanse these lips that make confeſſion,
Ere th' awards of that laſt seſſion.

Spare a culprit, groans faſt heaving,
Self-convicted, bluſhing, grieving,
In Thy power and grace believing.

Since Thy nature doth not vary,
Thou, who heard'ſt the Thief and Mary,
My transgreſſions blot and bury!

Worthless works behind me caſting—
Grace muſt save, not prayer nor faſting,
From the fire that's everlaſting.

On Thy right hand fix my ſtation
With the chosen generation,
In the ſheep-fold of salvation!

When Thy curse the wicked chases,
With the bleſt in heavenly places
Call me to Thy dear embraces!

Care for me, whom guilt abaſhes,
Proſtrate, contrite, heart as aſhes,
When that day of terror flaſhes!

Day of weeping and of wailing,
Human hearts and fates unveiling:
Then, when Time ſhall be no longer,
And the ſtrong yields to the Stronger,
Death and Hell their dead ſurrender,
And the Sea its own ſhall tender,
Multitudinous, unbounded
Generations rise aſtounded,
Each to answer for his ſinning,
He who lived at the beginning,
He who when the world is hoary,—
Spare, O, spare, Thou God of Glory!

VI.

AY of wrath and conſternation,
Day of fiery conſummation,
Propheſied in Revelation!

O, what horror on all faces,
When the coming Judge each traces,
Flaming, dreadful, in all places!

Trump ſhall ſound, and every ſingle
Mortal ſlumberer's ears ſhall tingle,
And the dead ſhall riſe and mingle:

All of every tribe and nation,
That have lived ſince the creation,
Answering that dread citation.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

Judge, who ſits at that aſſizes,
Shall, deceived by no disguises,
Try each work that man devises.

How ſhall I, a wretch polluted,
Answer then to ſins imputed,
When the juſt man's case is mooted?

Awful Monarch of Creation!
Saving without compensation,
Save me, Fountain of Salvation!

Lose me not then, Jeſus, seeing
I am Thine by gift of being,
Doubly Thine by price of freeing!

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,
Hung'ſt a victim gaſhed and gory:
Let not all be nugatory!

Pardon, Thou whose vengeance smiteth,
But whom mercy moſt delighteth,
Ere that reck'ning day affrighteth!

As a culprit, ſtand I groaning,
Bluſhing, my demerit owning:
Sprinkle me with blood atoning!

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedſt,
And the softened Thief acquittedſt,
Likewise hope to me permittedſt.

Weak these prayers Thy throne aſſailing;
But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,
Save me from eternal wailing!

While the goats afar are driven,
'Mid Thy ſheep me place be given,
Blood-waſhed favorites of Heaven!

While "Depart!" ſhall doom and gather
Those to flame, address me rather:
"Come thou bleſſed of my Father!"

In my final hour, when faileth
Heart and fleſh, and my cheek paleth,
Grant that succor which availeth!

Day unutterably solemn:
Crypt and pyramid and column,
Iſle and continent and ocean,
Rocking with a fearful motion,
Shall give up, a countless number
Starting from their long, long ſlumber,
Horror ſtamping every feature,
While is judged each ſinful creature,
End of pending controversy:
Spare Thou then, O God of Mercy!

VII.

DAY of wrath, that day of days,
Present to my thought always,
When the world ſhall burn and blaze!

O, what trembling, O, what fear,
When th' Omniscient Judge draws near,
Scanning all with eyes severe!

When the Trump of God ſhall sound
Through the vague and vaſt profound
Of the regions under ground;

And th' innumerable dead,
Answering to that summons dread,
Shall forsake their duſty bed;

And that Book of ancient date
Shall be opened, whereon wait
Mighty iſſues big with fate;

And each secret thing ſhall lie
Thenceforth bare to every eye,
Nought unpuniſhed or paſſed by.

Ah, me! what ſhall I then plead,
Who for me then intercede,
When the juſt of help have need?

Thou, who doſt, O Heavenly King,
Free forgiveness freely bring,
Let me drink of Mercy's Spring!

Thou didſt empty and exhauſt
Heaven for me: when such the coſt,
Jesus, let me not be loſt!

Wearily Thou soughteſt me,
Bought'ſt me on th' accurséd tree:
Let it not all fruitless be!

Righteous Judge, who wilt repay,
Grant me pardon, ere that day
Of deciſion and dismay!

I, a ſinful man and base,
Bluſhing, groaning o'er my case,
Seek and ſupplicate Thy grace.

Thou, who heardeſt Mary's ſighs,
Thou, who openedſt Paradise
To the Thief, regard my cries!

Worthless are my prayers and worse,
But, good Lord, be not adverse,
Leſt I ſink beneath the curse!

Set me, when at Thy command
All mankind divided ſtand,
With the ſheep at Thy right hand!

When th' insufferable doom
Shall the reprobate consume,
With Thy chosen give me room!

In the solemn hour of death,
When the earthly vaniſheth,
O, receive my parting breath!

Ah! that day made up of tears,
When from aſhes reappears
Th' Adam of ſix thousand years,—

Who, by its red glare and gleam,
Sees, as in an awful dream,
Juſtice lift her trembling beam,—

Conscious on that hinge of fate
All things hang and heſitate:
Spare then, Lord, if not too late!

VIII.

THAT dreadful day, my soul!
Which the ages ſhall unroll,
When the knell of Time ſhall toll!

O, the terror and the ſhame,
When the Judge with eyes of flame
Shall make piercing search of blame!

Suddenly the Trumpet's ſhock
Doors of Hades ſhall unlock,
And before Him all ſhall flock.

Struck with wonder and dismay,
Death and Nature ſhall obey
Summons to give up their prey.

Loudly each indictment dread
Shall in every ear be read
Of the living and the dead.

Every idle word and thought,
Every work in secret wrought,
Into Judgment ſhall be brought.

Scarce the juſt man's case is sure,
Scarce the heavens themselves are pure:
Ah! how then ſhall I endure?

Dreadful Potentate and high,
Who doſt freely juſtify,
Fount of Grace, my need supply!

Jeſus, mind the kind intent
Of Thy weary baniſhment,
And my ruin then prevent!

Let Thy paſſion and Thy pain,
All Thou sufferedſt me to gain,
Be not barren and in vain!

Righteous Arbiter of fate!
Life and death upon Thee wait,
Pardon, ere it be too late!

Spare me, vileſt of the race,
Guilty, infamous and base,
Bluſhing mendicant of grace!

Though of ſinners I be chief,
Hear me, Thou who heard'ſt the Thief,
Drieſt the fount of Mary's grief!

All my prayers are guilty breath,
And the beſt nought meriteth:
But in mercy save from death!

When, disposed on either hand,
All mankind before Thee ſtand,
Set me with Thy chosen band!

When, O, terrible to tell!
Yawns inevitable Hell,
With the bleſſed bid me dwell!

When I reach the awful goal,
And Death's billows o'er me roll,
Care for my undying soul!

Day of weeping and surprise,
Opening tombs and opening eyes,
Rocking earth and burning ſkies!

Day of universal dread,
When the quick and quickened dead
Shall have solemn sentence said!

Then, O, then, when in despair,
Man ſhall speak or ſhriek the prayer,
"Spare me!" God of Mercy, spare!

IX.

AY foretold, that day of ire,
Burden erſt of David's lyre,
When the world ſhall ſink in fire!

O, what horror and amaze,
When at once on mortal gaze
All the Judge's pomp ſhall blaze!

When the Trumpet's myſtic blaſt,
To the world's four corners caſt,
Disentombs the buried Paſt;

And from all the heaving sod,
From each foot of trampled clod,
Starts a multitude to God;

And that Volume is unrolled
Wherein are minutely told
All men's doings from of old;

While, from what is there contained,
Shall be judged a world arraigned,
And eternal fates ordained :

What defence can I then make,
To what Patron me betake,
When the righteous fear and quake ?

King, who doſt all power poſſess,
Free Thy grace and limitless,
Save me, Fount of Bleſſedness !

Jeſus, Maſter, Thou doſt know
I Thy miſſion caused below,
All Thy weariness and woe !

Let Thy blood, that drenched the hilt
Of that sword unſheathed for guilt,
Be not vainly ſhed and spilt !

O my Judge, forgive, forget !
Cancel my tremendous debt,
Ere the sun of grace ſhall set !

Filled with ſhame I hang my head,
Bluſhes deep my face o'erſpread :
Stay Thy lightnings fierce and red !

Thou canſt darkeſt ſtains efface ;
Haſt made monuments of grace
Of the vileſt of the race.

My poor prayers please not repel !
Grace and goodness with Thee dwell :
Snatch me from the flames of Hell !

When Thou ſhalt discriminate,
Sheep from goats ſhalt separate,
Let me on Thy right hand wait !

When Thy sentence, smiting dumb,
Down to Hell ſhall baniſh some,
With the bleſſed bid me come !

To Thy care, O Kind as Juſt !
Heart all penitential duſt,
I my end commit and truſt !

Floods of tears that day ſhall pour;
Man ſhall wake to ſleep no more;
Guilty, horribly afraid:
Spare him, Lord, whom Thou haſt made!

X.

LO! it comes, with ſtealthy feet,
Day, the ages ſhall complete,
When the world ſhall melt with heat!

O, what trembling ſhall there be,
When all eyes the Judge ſhall see,
Come to ſift iniquity!

Trump ſhall syllable command,
And the dead of sea and land
All before the Throne ſhall ſtand.

Death ſhall ſhudder, Nature too,
When the creature lives anew,
Called to render answer true.

Volume, that omitteth nought
Man e'er said or did or thought,
Shall for sentence then be brought.

When ſhall ſit the Judge severe,
All that's dark ſhall be made clear,
Nothing unavenged appear.

What, alas! ſhall I then say,
To what Interceſſor pray,
When the juſt ſhrink with dismay?

Awful King, ſince all is free,
Without merit, without fee,
Fount of Mercy, save Thou me!

Mind, O Jesus, Friend ſincere,
How I caused Thy advent here,
Nor me lose who coſt so dear!

Straying, I by Thee was sought,
On the cross with blood was bought:
Let it not be all for nought!

Righteous Judge! Avenging Lord!
Full remiſſion me afford,
Ere that final day's award!

Groan I, like a culprit base,
Conscious guilt inflames my face:
Spare the suppliant, God of Grace!

Thou, who erſt didſt Mary clear,
And the dying Thief didſt hear,
Hope haſt given me to cheer.

Though my prayers create no claim,
Be propitious, Lord, the same,
Leſt I burn in endless flame!

Place among Thy ſheep provide,
From the goats me sunder wide,
Standing safe at Thy right ſide!

While "Depart!" to foes addreſſed
Baniſheth to woes ungueſſed,
Call me near Thee with the bleſſed!

Contrite pangs my bosom tear,
Heart as aſhes: hear my prayer,
Let my end be not despair!

On that day of grief and dread,
When man, rising from the dead,
Shall eternal justice face,
Spare the sinner, God of Grace!

XI.

AY of wrath, that day of dole,
When a fire ſhall wrap the whole,
And the earth be burnt to coal!

O, what horror, ſmiting dumb
When the Judge of all ſhall come,
Sinful deeds to ſearch and ſum!

Trump's reverberating roar
Through the ſepulchres ſhall pour,
Citing all the Throne before.

Death and Nature ſtand aghaſt,
While the dead in numbers vaſt
Riſe to anſwer for the paſt.

Volume, writ by God's own pen,
Chronicling the deeds of men,
Shall be brought, and dooms be then.

When the Judge ſhall sit, behold!
What is secret He'll unfold,
No juſt puniſhment withhold.

Ah! what plea ſhall I prepare,
To what Patron make my prayer,
When the juſt well-nigh despair?

King, majeſtic beyond thought,
Whose free grace cannot be bought,
Save me, whose desert is nought!

O, remember, Jeſus, I
Was the cause and reason why
Thou didſt come on earth to die!

Me Thou sought'ſt with weary feet,
And my ransom didſt complete:
Let such pity nought defeat!

Judge, inflexible and ſtrict,
Pardon, ere that day convict
And th' unchanging doom inflict!

Like a criminal I sigh,
Bluſhing, penitently cry:
Pass, Lord, my offences by!

Thou, who Mary erſt did'ſt bleſs,
Heard'ſt the Thief in his diſtreſs,
Hope haſt given me no less.

Worthless are my prayers and vain,
But in love do not disdain,
Leſt I reap eternal pain!

On Thy right hand grant me place
'Mid the ſheep, a chosen race,—
Far from goats devoid of grace!

When the thunder of Thine ire
Headlong hurls to quenchless fire,
Let Thy welcome me inspire!

I entreat Thee, bending low,
Heart as aſhes, full of woe,
Succor in my end beſtow!

When upon that day of tears
Man from duſt again appears,
Fate depending on Thy nod:
Spare the ſinner then, O God!

XII.

DAY of wrath! O day of fate!
Day foreordained and ultimate,
When all things here ſhall termi
nate!

What numbers horribly afraid,
When comes the Judge, in fear arrayed,
To try the creatures He hath made!

The blare of Trumpet, pealing clear,
Shall through the sepulchres career,
And wake the dead, and bring them near.

Aſtoniſhed Nature then ſhall quail,
What time the yawning graves unveil,
And man comes forth, amazed and pale,

To answer: The o'erwritten scroll
Shall charge and certify the whole,
Whence ſhall be judged each human soul.

The Judge enthroned ſhall bring to light
Whate'er is hid, in open ſight
Avenge and vindicate the right.

Ah! with what plea ſhall I then come,
When, terror-locked, each sense is numb,
And even righteous lips are dumb?

O King immortal and supreme,
Whose fear is great, whose grace extreme,
Make me to drink of Mercy's ſtream!

Remember, Jeſus, Thou didſt make
Thyself incarnate for my sake,
Leſt Hell insatiate claim and take!

Thou soughteſt me when far aſtray,
Didſt on the cross my ransom pay:
Let not such love be thrown away!

Juſt Judge, of purity intense,
Remit my infinite offence,
Before that day of recompense!

Like one convinced of heinous deed,
I groan, I weep, I bluſh, I plead:
Lord, ſpare me in that hour of need!

Thou, who wert moved by Mary's tears,
Abſolved the Robber from his fears,
Haſt given me hope in former years.

My prayers are worthleſs well I know;
But, good, do Thou Thy goodneſs ſhow,
And ſave me from impending woe!

Number and place me 'mong Thy own,
Beneath the ſhelter of Thy Throne,
Until Thy wrath be overblown!

When that the almighty word ſhall leap
From out Thy Throne, Thy foes to ſweep,
My ſoul in perfect ſafety keep!

In proſtrate worſhip, I implore,
With heart all penitent and ſore:
Then care for me when life is o'er!

Ah! on that day of grief and dread,
And resurrection of the dead,
Of trial and of juſt award,
In wrath remember mercy, Lord!

XIII.

HAT day, that awful day, the laſt,
Result and sum of all the Paſt,
Great neceſſary day of doom,
When wrecking fires ſhall all consume!

What dreadful ſhrieks the air ſhall rend,
When all ſhall see the Judge descend,
And hear th' Archangel's echoing ſhout
From heavenly spaces ringing out!

The Trump of God with quickening breath
Shall pierce the ſilent realms of Death,
And sound the summons in each ear:
"Arise! thy Maker calls! Appear!"

From eaſt to weſt, from south to north,
The earth ſhall travail and bring forth;

As desert's sands and ocean's waves
Shall be the sum of empty graves.

Th' unchanging Record of the Paſt
Shall then be read from firſt to laſt ;
And out of things therein contained,
Shall all be judged and fates ordained.

No lying tongue, that truth diſtorts,
Shall witness in that Court of Courts ,
Each secret thing ſhall be revealed,
And every righteous sentence sealed.

Ah! who can ſtand when He appears ?
Confront the guilt of ſinful years ?
What hope for me, a wretch depraved,
When scarce the righteous man is saved ?

Dread Monarch of the Earth and Heaven!
For that salvation's great 'tis given ;
And ſince the boon is wholly free,
O Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Remember, Jeſus, how my case
Once moved Thy pity and Thy grace,
And brought Thee down on earth to ſtay:
O, lose me not, then, on that day!

I ſeek Thee, who didſt ſeek me firſt,
Weary and hungry and athirſt;
Didſt pay my ranſom on the tree:
Let not ſuch travail fruſtrate be!

Juſt Judge of vengeance in the end,
Now in the accepted time befriend!
My ſins, O, graciouſly remit,
Ere Thou judicially ſhalt ſit!

Low at Thy feet I groaning lie;
With bluſhing cheek, and weeping eye,
And ſtammering lips, I urge the prayer:
O ſpare me, God of Mercy, ſpare!

When Mary Thy forgiveness ſought,
Wept, but articulated nought,

Thou didſt forgive; didſt hear the brief
Petition of the dying Thief.

On grace thus great my hope is built
That Thou wilt cancel, too, my guilt;
That, though my prayers are worthless breath,
Thou wilt deliver me from death.

When Thy dividing rod of might
Appointeth ſtations oppoſite,
Among Thy ſheep grant me to ſtand,
Far from the goats, at Thy right hand!

And when despair ſhall seize each heart
That hears the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Be mine, the heavenly lot of some,
To hear that word of welcome, "Come!"

I come to Thee with trembling truſt,
And lay my forehead in the duſt;
In my laſt hour do Thou befriend,
And glorify Thee in my end!

APPENDIX.—SEQUENCE.

A STATEMENT of the order observed in the celebration of Mass will beſt explain the nature and import of this term, in its application by the Romiſh Church to a large body of hymns,—Daniel, in the 5th volume of his learned and laborious work, "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," citing no less than eight hundred, the laſt one given being a new Sequence, composed in honor of the Virgin in 1855, "Sequentia de Beata Maria Virgine ſine Labe Concepta, Virgo Virginum Præclara."

The diſpoſition of parts in the Mass is as follows, viz.: 1. THE INTROIT, which is the part sung or chanted when the prieſt *enters* within the rails of the altar. 2. THE COLLECT, or PRAYER. 3. READING OF THE EPISTLE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, 1 Cor. xv. 51–57, or Rev. xiv. 13. 4. THE GRADUAL, so called from its having been sung or chanted

formerly from the ſteps (*gradus*) of the altar, cloſing with the ALLELUIA. 5. THE TRACT, which is omitted when the Alleluia is sung; otherwise it is sung in the interval to prepare for the following. The primary meaning of the word (from *traho*, to protract or draw out) is adapted to suggeſt either the use here indicated, i. e. to fill up time, or else to express the ſlow, mournful movement which characterizes the chant. 6. THE SEQUENCE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, the DIES IRÆ. 7. READING OF THE GOSPEL, being, in the Mass for the Dead, John v. 25–29. 8. THE OFFERTORY, which is a ſhort sentence that varies. 9. THE SECRET, a brief prayer recited by the prieſt in a very low tone of voice. 10. COMMUNION, or the application of the Mass. 11. POST-COMMUNION.

The Sequence, it will be seen, occupies a poſition exactly midway, being juſt after the Gradual and Tract, and immediately before the Gospel. The Reading of the Gospel happening to be introduced by the words, "Sequentia Sancti Evangelii secundum ——," (The Continuation of the Holy Gospel according to ——,) some have supposed that the term Sequentia or Sequence was derived from this source. Michael Prætorius was of this opinion. But the

moſt approved authorities give the following explanation of its origin.

From an early period, it was the cuſtom of the Latin Church to ſing the Gradual with the Alleluia between the Epiſtle and the Gospel; the Gradual being completed, the Alleluia followed; and in order to give to the officiating prieſt or deacon sufficient time to prepare and ascend the ambon or pulpit, the choir repeated and continued the laſt syllable A through a series of notes. This *neuma*, as it was called, or muſical prolongation of a letter, was named SEQUENTIA, because it was sequent to and governed by the melody and rhythm of the Alleluia. At a later period, this paſſage of notes sung without text, conſtituting the original form of the Sequence, came to have words set thereto, thereby preparing the way for other changes; and forasmuch as the firſt eſſays of this kind were unmetrical in their ſtructure, the term *Prosa* or Prose was applied by way of diſtinction to this species of compoſition; of which Notker, surnamed the Stammerer, (Balbulus,) who died in 912, canonized in 1514, is conſidered to have been the originator. Gradually, rhyme, so much and so fondly cultivated in the Middle Ages, found its way into these also; and from the twelfth century

onward, Sequences became proper metrical songs, differing from other hymns only in this, that the ſtrophes, inſtead of four, were made to consist of three or ſix lines, according as they were double or ſingle. To this rule, however, there were some exceptions. The name of Prose, although not ſtrictly proper in its application to metrical compositions, continued to be used, nevertheless, as a general title for all Sequences; and so we find the Dies Iræ bearing the appellation in the Mass-books of "Prosa Eccleſiaſtica de Mortuis."

Deſigned in the firſt inſtance, as alleged by Notker, merely to aſſiſt the memory in retaining the long-drawn, caudal melodies of the Alleluia, the deſirableness of having other songs for the Mass than the Gloria in Excelſis, Kyrie, Credo, &c., songs eaſier in ſtructure, which could be joined in, not only by the choir, but also by the congregation,—perhaps, too, the wiſh to introduce greater variety into the service, and bring the ſinging into closer relation with the objects of particular Church feſtivals, which could be done more readily by these Sequences,—caused them to be multiplied greatly.

But the Roman ritual finally limited them to four, viz.: *Victimæ paschali laudis*, S. for Eaſter Sunday;

Veni Sancte Spiritus, S. for Whitsunday and St Peter's Day; *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, S. for Solemnity of Corpus Chriſti; and *Dies Iræ*, S. Mass for the Dead and All-Souls' Day; nevertheleſs, other Mass-books of dioceſes and monaſtic orders contain more Sequences. The Sequence firſt named has a different metre from the other three, being one of those rare caſes in which the characteriſtic triplet form of the ſtrophe is departed from. The second named, Veni Sancte Spiritus, which Trench speaks of as "the lovelieſt, though not the grandeſt, of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry," contains ten ſtrophes of three lines each. Its author was Robert the Second, son of Hugh Capet, who ascended the throne of France in the year 997, and died in 1031. Like Henry the Sixth of England, of a meek and gentle diſpoſition, a lover of peace, he was ill suited to contend with the turbulent and reſtleſs spirits who surrounded him, whose delight was in war. The next Sequence has twelve double ſtrophes of ſix lines each. It is commonly attributed to the so-called Angelical Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. The laſt, which is the Dies Iræ, grand and unapproachable in its excellence, comprises seventeen ſtrophes of three lines each, and one of four lines.

ORIGIN OF LATIN RHYME.

WHILE it is true that the Latin hymns written during the firſt centuries of the Chriſtian era are, speaking generally, characterized by the absence of rhyme, and that the prevalence of rhyme belongs peculiarly and almoſt excluſively to the period intervening between the pontificate of Gregory the Great and that of Leo X., it would be a great error to suppose that rhyme was then firſt introduced, or that it was borrowed, as some have surmised, from the Romance or Gothic languages. If we look for its origin, we ſhall find preludings and anticipations of it in every one of the Latin poets, not excepting the oldeſt. Examples of both middle and final rhyme occur in all. In the Introduction to Trench's "Sacred Latin

Poetry," where this whole subject is ably discuſſed, we have a collation of many of these. Witness the following. An ancient author, quoted by Cicero, (Tusc. l. 1. c. 28,) poſſibly Ennius, has this :—

Cœlum nitescere, arbores frondescere,
Vites lætificæ pampinis pubescere,
Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere.

Of middle rhyme, we have in Ennius : —

Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes ;

In Virgil : —

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit ;

In Ovid : —

Quem mare carpentem, substrictaque crura gerentem ;

Where also is found this example of leonine pentameter : —

Quærebant flavos per nemus omne favos.

Of final rhyme, we have, in Virgil : —

Nec non Tarquinium ejectum Porsenna jubebat
Accipere, ingentique urbem obsidione premebat ;

Also : —

Omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis et agricola, et tutâ latet arce viator ;

In Horace : —

> Non satis est pulcra esse poëmata ; dulcia sunto,
> Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto ;

Also . —

> Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne fortè seniles
> Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.

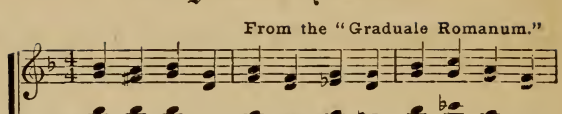
Lucan abounds in examples. Even the Latin prose-writers, it would seem, did not disdain now and then to play at rhyme, by putting rhyming words in juxtapoſition. Cicero has *florem et colorem ;* Pliny, *veram et meram ;* Plautus, *melle et felle ;* and so others.

Rhyme being thus shown to have been a thing known to the language from the earlieſt times, it may be thought surpriſing, that what at a later period was so highly prized, and so fondly and so laboriously cultivated, should have been, during so many centuries, to such an extent, neglected ; having been apparently ſhunned rather than sought for, particularly by those great maſters of poetry who illustrated the Auguſtan age. The fact is, that the ancient claſſic metres, though found occaſionally, as we have seen, toying with rhyme, never seriously

affected it; and it was not until the ſhackles imposed by these had been wholly ſhaken off, and a ſimpler and more natural verſification, based upon accent inſtead of quantity, had succeeded in eſtabliſhing its juſt claims over the Greek intruder, that the *régime* of rhyme fairly commenced.

Gregorian Chant.

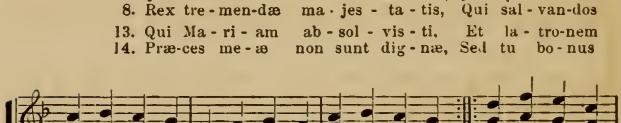
From the "Graduale Romanum."



1. Di - es i - ræ, di - es il - la Sol - vet sæ-clum
2. Quantus tre-mor est fu - tu - rus. Quan-do Ju - dex

7. Quod sum mi - ser tunc dic - tu - rus, Quem pa - tro-num
8. Rex tre - men-dæ ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van-dos

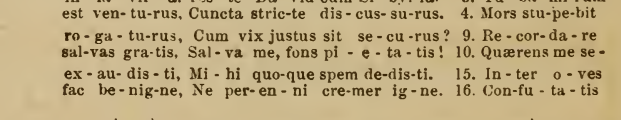
13. Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la - tro-nem
14. Præ-ces me - æ non sunt dig - næ, Sed tu bo - nus



in ta - vil - lâ. Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl-lâ. 3. Tu - ba mi-rum
est ven-tu-rus, Cuncta stric-te dis - cus- su-rus. 4. Mors stu-pe-bit

ro - ga - tu-rus, Cum vix justus sit se - cu - rus? 9. Re - cor - da - re
sal-vas gra-tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis! 10. Quærens me se -

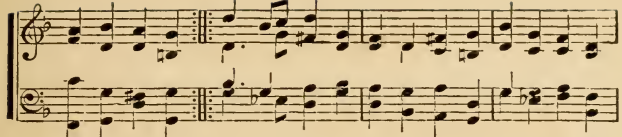
ex - au - dis - ti, Mi - hi quo-que spem de-dis-ti. 15. In - ter o - ves
fac be - nig-ne, Ne per-en - ni cre-mer ig - ne. 16. Con-fu - ta - tis



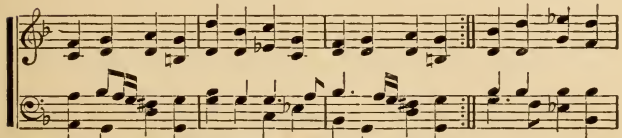
spargens so - num Per se - pul-chra re - gi - o - num, Co - get om-nes
et na - tu - ra, Cum re - sur-get cre - a - tu - ra. Ju - di - can - ti

Je - su pi - e, Quod sum cau-sa tu - æ vi - æ, Ne me per-das
dis - ti las - sus Re - de - mis - ti cru-cem pas-sus: Tan-tus la - bor

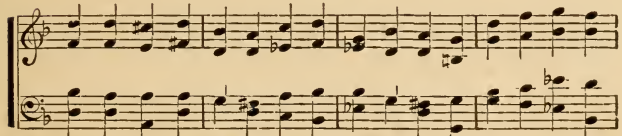
lo - cum præ-sta, Et ab hœ-dis me se - questra, Sta - tu - ens in
ma - le - dic - tis, Flammis a - cri - bus ad - dic - tis, Vo - ca me cum



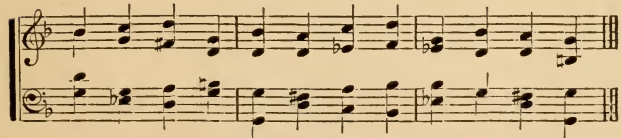
an - te thronum. 5. Li - ber scriptus pro-fe - re - tur, In quo totum
re-spon-su - ra. 6. Ju - dex er - go cum se - de - bit. Quidquid latet
il - lâ di - e! 11. Jus - te Ju - dex ul - ti - o - nis. Donum fac re -
not sit cassus! 12. In ge - mis - co tanquam re - us, Cul-pâ ru-bet
par-te dex-trâ! 17. O - ro sup-plex et ac - cli - nis, Cor contritum
be - ne - dic-tis!



con - ti - ne-tur, Un-de mundus ju - di - ce-tur.
ap - pa - re - bit, Nil in - ul - tum re - ma - ne - bit.
- mis - si - o - nis An-te di - em ra - ti - o - nis. 18. La-chry-mo-sa
vul-tus me-us: Suppli-can-ti par-ce, De - us!
qua - si ci - nis: Ge - re cu-ram me - i fi - nis!



di - es il - la Qua re - sur-get ex fa - vil - lâ, Ju - di - can-dus



ho - mo re - us: Hu - ic er - go par - ce, De - us!

OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 17 from top, read ' minaciter ' for ' menaciter.'
" 26, line 3 " " " " " "
" 30, line 5 " " " ' tunc ' (recreatio,) for ' nunc.'
" 45, line 10 " " omit ' But ' at beginning of line.
" 64, line 2 " " read ' Mentes ' for ' Mens.'
" 83, line 6 " " read :

' This glory of the world, so much estimated.'

St. Augustine and his Mother
(A. Scheffer.)

MAR 8 1911
THEOLOGICAL SEMIN

Old Gems

IN NEW SETTINGS

COMPRISING THE

CHOICEST OF MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

WITH

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS

BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

With Photographic Illustrations

NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1867

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URBS CŒLESTIS SYON;

OR,

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

IN Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry" is given a beautiful Cento of ninety-ſix lines, descriptive of the Heavenly Zion, taken from the firſt part of a long poem of nearly three thousand lines, entitled "*De Contemptu Mundi*," written in the 12th century by BERNARD DE MORLAS, Monk of Cluny, so called to diſtinguiſh him from his famous contemporary St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. Of this Cento a new tranſlation is here attempted. Prefixed to it are the eight opening lines of the Poem, admonitory of the nearness of Chriſt's second coming to judge the world.

Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, an accompliſhed

scholar of England, juſt deceased, whose tranſlations of various mediæval hymns have met with much and merited favor, gave a verſion of the larger part of the above Cento under the title of "The Celeſtial Country," following, as he tells us, the arrangement of Trench and not that of Bernard. The great popularity which this attained, as evinced by the numerous hymns compiled from it — "Jerusalem the Golden," in particular, having found a place, he gratefully obſerves, in some twenty hymnals — "led him to think that a fuller extract from the Latin and a further tranſlation into Engliſh might not be unacceptable."

Whether by this process there was not as much loſt as gained admits of some doubt. It set aſide Trench's labor of love as impertinent or useless. The matter of the earlier tranſlation, with which many had become familiar, could only be found by diligent search, *disjecta membra poetæ*, scattered everywhere up and down the later work. One, however, might become reconciled to this, provided improvement always followed; but we think this can hardly be claimed. On the contrary, what is added too often

appears crude, or incongruous, or out of place, or of inferior intereſt. For example, we read : —

" Here, is the warlike trumpet,
There, life set free from ſin,
When to the laſt Great Supper
The faithful ſhall come in ;
When the heavenly net is laden
With fiſhes many and great,
(So glorious in its fulness
And so inviolate.)"

Without access to the original, it would be impoſſible to say which is responſible, the author or the tranſlator, for the ſtrange groupings contained in the following verses : —

" Jeſus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they ſing,
The *never-failing* Garden,
The *ever*-golden Ring,
The Door, the Pledge, the Huſband,
The Guardian of the Court,
The Day-ſtar of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port."

What better is this than a diſtracting medley of names, whose meaning and fitness, so far from being

immediately obvious, it is hard to discover even with time and ſtudy. Certainly, one needs to poſſess a rare nimbleness of fancy to qualify him to overleap such wide spaces as intervene between "the never-failing Garden" and the "ever-golden Ring," thence on from "the Door, the Pledge, the Huſband," to the diſtant and final reſting-place, "the Porter and the Port" (whatever these may be), without longer pauses in the tranſition than the punctuation calls for. The framer of the cento did well, therefore, we think, in leaving out lines like these, and no advantage has resulted from their reſtoration.

The extreme ſimplicity of ſtyle affected by the tranſlator, which makes his poetry but one remove from prose, may account, perhaps, for such careless expreſſions as "The sun-lit land that *recks* not," "Of flowers that *fear* no thorn," "And *smiles* have no *alloy*," "Peace, endless, *ſtrifeless*, *ageless*," "The only *art* thou needeſt, thanksgiving for thy lot," "And *paſſionless* renown," "Shall ſhew Him us, and ſhewing, ſhall *satiate evermo*," "And ſhadows ſhall *decay*," "O *lovelier* far than gold," "And safe *victorious fold*," and others that could be cited; but

they are blemiſhes and solecisms nevertheless, which ought to be pointed out, only the more because the verſion is so much of a favorite, has found its way into so many hymn-books, is enſhrined in the hearts and memories of a multitude of Chriſtian people, recited by children, and sung to accompanying muſic expreſſly prepared for it, authoritatively spoken of in a recent work "as the sweeteſt and deareſt religious poem in our language," and by reason of its artless and childlike diction inveſted with a charm not belonging to the original. There is danger leſt, by too indiscriminate an admiration, even defects will come to be regarded as beauties, and lead to vicious imitations, perhaps to corruptions of taſte in many readers to whom a popular hymn like this is a means of education not to be despised.

Such conſiderations, we think, more than juſtify ſome freedom of criticism, even at the riſk of wounding the senſibilities of that class of admirers to whom it has already become a thing quite sacred. The claim set up that it is superior to the original we cannot allow ; not even in the rendering of those parts, in which, in the eſtimation of the tranſlator himself,

as well as the public, he has been moſt successful, for example : —

" Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora," &c.,

forming the text of those well-known lines : —

" Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey bleſt,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppreſt.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.
* * *

" There ſtand those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The paſtures of the Bleſſed
Are decked in glorious ſhene."

These lines contain some things which are not in the original. That affords no warrant for making "milk and honey" (honey is supplied) ſtand for the

heavenly bleſſedness. To specify is to limit; and we think it is a fault that, inſtead of leaving it undefined, the writer undertakes to figure and represent it under so poor an image as milk and honey.

"With milk and honey *bleſt*"

is given as the laſt and culminating conception, that particular one which is supposed to fill the mind and overwhelm it at the time when "heart and voice ſink oppreſt." Milk and honey are good, but however figuratively underſtood, there is nothing in their contemplation, one would say, to produce such overpowering effects.

Without remarking on the more or less tautological character of the lines, —

"What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare,"

we venture to think that the tranſlator miſſes or miſtakes the meaning, by making the specialness of the heavenly glory to conſiſt, not in a higher *kind* than any known, which is a freſh and beautiful thought, but in a higher *degree*, which is comparatively trite and commonplace. The diſtinction may

be a delicate one, but it is a material one, nevertheless. The language of the original is:

> Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
> Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis.

The laſt line of the extract, beſides being supplemented, evidently for no other purpose than to complete the rhyme, is also, we think, inelegant and without appropriateness as applied to "paſtures." The abrupt turn, moreover, in the scenic representation from the royal palace to the grazing meadow, is not relieved, as it is in the original, by any word calculated to reconcile the mind to the sudden change, or prevent its being ſtartled by it. The needed word in the Latin is "mitibus," which inſtantly serves to identify the sainted multitude with God's dear flock, mild and gentle, led by the Good Shepherd into "green paſtures and beſide ſtill waters." This is very different from saying baldly, suggeſtive of a repulſive literalness, "the paſtures of the Bleſſed," as if what conſtituted the puniſhment of Nebuchadnezzar was to form a part of the rewards of the righteous. In other parts of the verſion, by reason of the omiſſion as here of some linking or suggeſtive word,

so unexpected and violent seems the tranſition, it gives the reader somehow an unpleasant sense of falling headlong down precipitous places. The mind is not a ball that it can be toſſed to and fro from hand to hand.

While employed in this ungracious, but not, we truſt, unwarranted, work of censure and vindication, we ſhall crown our presumption under this head by venturing to differ from the diſtinguiſhed tranſlator in regard to the rendering of the two concluding lines of the cento, the meaning of which, we are compelled to think, he has ſtrangely misconceived. They are these —

" O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus: O miser, O reus, hâc viduatus "—

which Dr. Neal tranſlates thus:

" Exult, O duſt and aſhes!
The LORD ſhall be thy part:
His only, His forever
Thou ſhalt be and thou art."

To our mind nothing can be plainer than that there are two claſſes of persons referred to in the original. The one class, having chosen God for

their part, are holy, dear, and thrice bleſſed ; whereas the other class, having separated themselves from this part, not caring to have God for their portion, are miserable, condemned, the wrath of God ſtill abiding on them. In the above tranſlation, " O duſt and aſhes " ſtands evidently for " O miser, O reus," as well as for " O sacer " and the reſt, making no diſtinction. To favor this false rendering a comma is put after " Deus " inſtead of a colon ; and in place of a period after " Retinebis" in the preceding line, there is no ſtop at all ; thus moſt erroneouſly connecting " Retinebis " immediately with what follows.

In regard to the extraordinary merit of the original poem — at leaſt that part of it which forms the exordium, wherein an attempt is made to set forth the purity and peace of the heavenly Paradise, by way of contraſt, and for the purpose of throwing into yet bolder and more appalling relief the abounding pollutions and miseries of earth which it is the chief deſign of the poem to present — there can be but one opinion. Such is Dr. Neale's appreciation of its excellence, that he has " no heſitation in say-

ing that he looks on these verses of Bernard as the moſt lovely, in the same way that the "*Dies Iræ*" is the moſt sublime, and the "*Stabat Mater*" is the moſt pathetic of mediæval poems. They are, he thinks, even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the "*De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradiſi*" of St. Peter Damiani. So Trench looks upon "the Ode of Caſimir (the great Latin poet of Poland) '*Urit me Patriæ decor*,' which turns upon the same theme, — the heavenly homeſickness, — with all its claſſical beauty, as a less real and deep utterance than the poor Cluniac monk's."

The great and immediate popularity of Neale's tranſlation, notwithſtanding its defects, is a further proof, and the moſt concluſive one, perhaps, of all, that it poſſeſſes the elements of genuine power — has indeed that imperiſhable principle of lyric life which fits it to be the interpreter of the human heart in all ages, in the nineteenth century no less than the twelfth. It undoubtedly owes much to its theme, which has furniſhed other hymns of great sweetness beſides those already named. Two in particular are deserving of special mention, — one in

Latin, "*Urbs beata Hirusalem*," and one in English, "*O Mother dear, Jerusalem.*" But the heavenly heartache, with the soul enamored of its home in the ſkies, and longing to depart, never, it is safe to say, found a sweeter or more touching expreſſion than in these lines of Bernard. In each golden furrow of verse are scattered in rich profuſion the ripe veritable seeds of those immortal flowers that bloom in Paradise, whence —

> "Gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they ſtole
> Those balmy spoils. As when to those who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
> Mozambic, off at sea north-eaſt winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy ſhore
> Of Araby the bleſt."

We are perpetually reminded, of course, that the ſinger is ſtill in the body, in which "he groans, being burdened" — "without are fightings and within are fears" — is a mourning exile, waiting deliverance, ſick from deferred hope, not yet permitted to enter the Land of Promise, but nevertheless in lieu thereof lifted to the Mount of Viſion, and favored

with ecſtatic glimpses that "bring all heaven before his eyes." No wonder, therefore, his ſtrain is a mingled one, by turns exultant and sad; its rejoicings full of interjected ſighs — suspirations and aspirations in the same breath. The holy inhabitants seem almoſt "too happy in their happiness;" it makes the contraſt with the present ſtate too great, too painful; it even begets doubt, because it seems too much to expect; hope is afraid to soar so high. The mind is described as ſinking down baffled and overwhelmed under the preſſure of that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," blinded and overpowered by the intolerable splendors of the New Jerusalem; and we are reminded of that fine outburſt of Pindaric rapture in which the "Bard" of Gray, in like manner dazzled and amazed by the unexpected ſight of England's diſtant renown and greatness, exclaims: —

> "But oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
> Descending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
> Viſions of glory, spare my aching ſight,
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul."

Of the hiſtory of the original poem, this much is known. It was written about the year 1145 by

Bernard, a Cluniac monk, as already ſtated, and addreſſed to Peter, his own abbot. Judging from his writings, he muſt have poſſeſſed a spirit almoſt as dauntless as Luther's. Apparently actuated by a righteous zeal to correct some of the ſhocking abuses which everywhere prevailed to the disgrace of the Chriſtian name, he in this poem with terrible severity and with matchless power of sarcasm exposes and aſſails them, — plainly denounces the ſhameful greed and venality of the Roman court, corrupt from the Pope down, where ſimony was openly practiced, and nothing could be got without money, but any thing with. Here is a specimen of his manner: —

"Si tua nuncia prævenit uncia, surge, sequaris;
Expete limina, nulla gravimina jam verearis:
Si datur uncia, ſtat prope gratia Pontificalis;
Sin procul hæc valet, hæc tibi lex manet eſt schola talis."

"Money is needed, if that has preceded, rise, follow, and enter;
Bars of the gateway removed ſhall be ſtraightway, now fear no preventer;
Give but the penny, then nigh thee is any Pontifical favor;
Far off or faileth this thing that availeth, thy case is much graver."

Such being its character, it is not surprising, perhaps, that it has been a greater favorite with Protestants than with Catholics, and that during the time of and since the Reformation editions have multiplied. It was unburied and first printed at Paris in 1483. Flacius, in a rare work published at Bâle in 1557, ("*Varia doctorum, piorumque vivorum de corrupto Ecclesiæ statu Poemata,*") pp. 247-349, gives it with the title: "*Bernhardus Cluniacus de Contemptu Mundi. Ad Petrum Abbatum suum.*" It was reprinted in 1597, and again in 1610, and more recently still in Wachler's "Annals" in 1820. Daniel in his "Thesaurus Hymnologicus" gives only the first eight lines under the heading *De Novissimis.* These opening lines are repeated here to illustrate the structure of the verse, which of itself is one of the curiosities of literature. It is a bold attempt to combine ancient prosody with modern rhyme. Each hexameter line is made to consist of five dactyls and a final trochee, the second and fourth dactylic feet rhyming together, and the trochaic ending rhyming with the corresponding foot of the following line; or, as it may be otherwise expressed, it is an example of "leonine

and tailed rhyme, with lines in three parts, between which a cæsura is not admiſſible." Below we have sought to represent to the eye these peculiarities of ſtructure by marks; and furthermore, have ventured a continuation of the attempt juſt made, to imitate the metre in an Engliſh tranſlation rendered as literal as poſſible. While one would not care to proſecute it through a long poem, we are persuaded the thing could be done, and in a manner to make the verse tolerably readable and effective. The perpendicular lines of diviſion indicate the three parts — the firſt two parts containing two dactyls each, the second and fourth forming a rhyme; and the third part containing one dactyl and one trochee, the final trochee forming a double rhyme with that of the next line.

DE NOVISSIMIS.

" Hōră nŏvīs*sĭmă*, ‖ tēmpŏră pēs*sĭmă* ‖ sūnt ; vĭgĭ*lēmŭs !*
Ecce ! mena*citer* ‖ imminet Ar*biter* ‖ ille su*premus !*
Imminet, im*minet* ‖ et mala ter*minet* ‖ æqua cor*onet*,
Recta remu*neret* ‖ anxia li*beret*, ‖ æthera *donet*,
Auferat as*pera* ‖ duraque pon*dera* ‖ mentes o*nuſtæ*,
Sobria mu*niat* ‖ improba pu*niat* ‖ utraque *juſte*,
Ille pii*ſimus*, ‖ ille gravi*ſimus*, ‖ ecce ! ve*nit Rex !*
Surgat homo *reus !* ‖ Inſtat Homo *Deus* ‖ a Patre *Judex*."

OF THE LAST TIMES.

Lāſt hoŭrs nŏw tōllĭng ăre, || wōrſt tĭmes ŭnrōllĭng ăre; ||
wātch! thĕre ĭs dāngĕr.
Ló! in sublímity, || thréatening proxímity, || hóver'th th' Avénger!
Hóvereth, hóvereth, || évil uncóvere.h, || équity crówneth;
Ríght He rewárdeth then, || cómfort affórdeth then, || héirs of heaven ówneth;
Fróm the mind, ónerous || búrdens and pónderous || beáreth He líghtly;
Ríghteous protéćteth He, || wícked rejéćteth He || bóth alike ríghtly;
Kíng in His clémency || áwful suprémacy || cómeth to gáther —
Mán disentómbing, the || Gód-Man him dóoming, the || Júdge from the Fáther.

Surely "there is a pleasure in poetic pains that poets only know," otherwise it is impoſſible to conceive that human patience could have held out in the building up of three thousand lines in so difficult a metre. Like the execution of those pictures in mosaic, seen in St. Peter's at Rome, which took from twelve to twenty years to complete, it so far transcends all modern capabilities, that one is tempted to class Patience, in its higher manifeſtations at leaſt,

among "the Loft Arts." The author himself seems to have been filled with wonder at his own performance; and piouſly acknowledges, that "if he had not received directly from on high the gift of intelligence, he had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little adapted to the powers of the human mind." What was difficult for the author would be tenfold more difficult for the tranſlator, because there hang upon him numerous clogs from which the other is free. Dr. Neale says: — "I have deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original, because our language, if it could be tortured to any diſtant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majeſtic sweetness of the Latin." Whether it was neceſſary or wise to go to the other extreme — of ballad plainness and ſimplicity — some may doubt.

The artful character of the verse, which conſtituted one of its chief diſtinctions, and upon which the author had beſtowed so much labor, was thereby neceſſarily loſt, as well as the richness and melody of its oft-recurring rhymes. In the tranſlation here given, the writer has sought to preserve "the leo-

nine and tailed rhymes, with the lines in three parts," only lengthening the third member so as to make of it another line, and using anapests instead of dactyls, as being a kind of verse better suited to the genius of English prosody, — the dactylic form being seldom used, because less flowing and pleasing to the ear. Had it been thought best that the dactylic hexameter form should be retained, he is hardly prepared to go the length of Dr. Neale and deny its possibility.

How far the present translator has succeeded it is of course for others to judge. He admits that if it were as easy to be faultless as it is to find fault, there would be no excuse for imperfection. He claims nothing for his version. It is sent forth as a timid and humble candidate for public favor, but at the same time not as a mendicant, asking alms and begging leave to be. If worthless, let it die — in other words, let nobody read it. So of his other versions. The name, "THE BETTER COUNTRY," was chosen to distinguish it from others upon the same theme. That it will supersede "The Celestial Country" is neither expected nor desired.

URBS CŒLESTIS SYON.

HORA noviſſima, tempora peſſima
sunt; vigilemus!
Ecce! menaciter imminet Arbiter
ille supremus!

Imminet, imminet et mala terminet
æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet,
æthera donet;
Auferat aspera duraque pondera
mentes onuſtæ
Sobria muniat, improba puniat
utraque juſte,

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

THE laſt of the hours, iniquity towers,
The times are the worſt, let us vigils be keeping!
Leſt the Judge who is near, and soon to appear,
Shall us at His coming find ſlumbering and ſleeping.
He is nigh, He is nigh! He descends from the ſky
For the ending of evil and the right's coronation,
The juſt to reward, relief to afford,
And the heavens beſtow for the saints' habitation:
To lift and unbind grievous weights from the mind,
To give every man what is juſt and is equal,
To make the good glad, and puniſh the bad,
To the praise of His juſtice and grace in the sequel.

Ille piiſſimus, ille graviſſimus
ecce! venit Rex!
Surgat homo reus! Inſtat Homo Deus
a Patre Judex.

. . . . . .

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur
hic breve fletur;
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere
retribuetur;
O retributio! ſtat brevis actio
vita perennis;
O retributio! cœlica manſio
ſtat lue plenis;
Quid datur et quibus? æther egentibus
et cruce dignis,
Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus,
aſtra malignis.
Sunt modò prælia, poſtmodò præmia;
qualia? plena,

Moſt clement and dear, moſt juſt and severe,
Lo! cometh the King in terrible splendor,
Man springs from the sod, and the Man who is God,
The Judge from the Father, ſtands sentence to render.

. . . . . .

The life here below so brief is brief woe,
A brief mortal space for weeping afforded;—
Not briefly to ſigh, then lie down and die,
Is the life that 's to be hereafter awarded.
O moſt bleſſèd award! the gift of the Lord,
A life whose long years cannot be computed;
O ſtrange award given! a manſion in heaven
Aſſigned to the guilty, the sometime polluted.
What 's given, and to whom? In the firmament, room
To the needy and those by the cross worthy rendered—
Yea, on Mercy's sweet terms, orbs celeſtial to worms,
To felons the beſt, to the hateful ſtars, tendered.
Now are battles moſt hard; after these the reward.
Reward of what sort? Reward without measure;—

Plena refectio, nullaque paſſio,
nullaque pœna ;
Spe modò vivitur, et Sion angitur
a Babylone ;
Nunc tribulatio ; nunc recreatio,
sceptra, coronæ ;
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria
clarificabat,
Solvet enigmata, veraque sabbata
continuabit.
Liber et hoſtibus, et dominantibus
ibit Hebræus ;
Liber habebitur et celebrabitur
hinc jubilæus.
Patria luminis, inscia turbinis
inscia litis,
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur
Israëlitis ;

Full refreſhment, repoſe, full exemption from woes,
No ſuffering, no pain, only unalloyed pleaſure.
Now live we in hope, and Zion muſt cope
With Babylon proud and the powers infernal;
Now affliction makes ſad, then delight ſhall make glad,
And there ſhall be crowns and ſceptres ſupernal.
Then new glory divine on the righteous ſhall ſhine,
And chaſe from their breaſts the darkneſs that paineth,
Chaſe doubt and chaſe fear, and enigmas make clear—
The light of true ſabbaths, "the reſt that remaineth."
All free from the foe and his maſter ſhall go
The Hebrew, whoſe feet heavy chains now environ; —
He henceforth held free ſhall keep jubilee,
No more to be bound in affliction and iron.
A Country of light, unacquainted with night,
Where of tempeſt and ſtrife nothing breaks the deep ſlumber,
With inhabitants free it repleniſhed ſhall be —
Enlarged with true Iſraelites countleſs in number.

Patria splendida, terraque florida,
libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus eſt ibi civibus
hic peregrinis.
Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus
ora Tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia,
pax pia sanctis ;
Pax ſine crimine, pax ſine turbine,
pax ſine rixa,
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus
anchora fixa.
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus
ipse decore,
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur
Auctor in ore.
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel
efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria pulchra que patria
perficietur

Country splendid and grand, and a flowery land
That 's free from all thorns and free from all dangers,
Is there to be given to the free born of heaven —
The faithful, who here are now pilgrims and ſtrangers.
Shall then be unrolled, to all that behold
The face of the Thunderer, and to such solely,
The utmoſt extreme of power supreme,
Full knowledge, the unutterable peace of the holy:
A peace by the tongue of ſlander unſtung; [cor,
A peace without ſtorm, without wrangling or ran-
To labors a goal, and to billows that roll
And tumults a fixed immovable anchor.
My King is my part, God Himself in my heart,
In His own proper beauty auguſt and endearing,
I ſhall see and enſhrine and challenge as mine, —
My Author and Saviour, — in His presence appearing.
Then the Israel of grace ſhall Jacob displace,
And Leah be Rachel in form and affection;
Then Zion ſhall ſtand, a beautiful land,
In all the completeness of God-like perfection.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria
te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria
collacrymantur;
Eſt tua mentio pectoris unctio,
cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus
ignis amoris.
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus
es paradisus,
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidiſſima
gaudia, risus.
Eſt ibi conſita laurus, et inſita
cedrus hysopo;
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia
clara pyropo:
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius,
hinc amethyſtus;
Eſt tua fabrica concio cœlica
gemmaque Chriſtus.

O Country moſt dear, our longing eyes here,
As they view thee afar, with deſire are aching;
At the sound of thy name our hearts are aflame,
And our eyes are aweary 'twixt weeping and waking.
Thy mention brings reſt, is balm to the breaſt,
Is the cure of our grief, and takes away sadness;
The thinking of thee and the bliss that ſhall be,
Is a fire of love and a fountain of gladness.
The only place thou that draws our hearts now,—
Thou Paradise art, thou our blissful Hereafter;
No tears are found there, no sorrow, no care,
But sereneſt rejoicings and innocent laughter.
There planted are seen, eternally green,
The laurel and cedar, with the hyſſop low growing;
There are walls with the rays of the jasper ablaze,
With the carbuncle bright, incandescent and glowing:
The sardius ſhines there, here the topaz moſt rare,
Here the beams of the amethyſt with the reſt mingle;
To thy fabric belong the heavenly throng,
The corner-ſtone Chriſt, gem precious and ſingle.

Tu ſine littore, tu ſine tempore,
fons modò rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, eſtque tibi lapis
undique vivus.
Eſt tibi laurea, dos datur aurea,
sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis,
inspicis ora:
Candida lilia, viva monilia
sunt tibi, sponsa,
Agnus adeſt tibi, Sponsus adeſt tibi,
lux speciosa;
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia
dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita
conjubilare.
Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea,
cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obſtruis
et cor et ora.

Without ſhore, without time, everlaſting, sublime,
Thou, fountain and ſtream late hitherward flowing,
To the good taſteſt sweet, living rock at their feet
That all through the wilderness gladdened their going.
Thine 's the laurel's green crown with its leaf never brown;
Rich dower all golden, fair spouse, is thee given;
Thine 's the exquiſite bliss of the Prince's firſt kiss,
And the ſight of His face like a viſion of heaven.
Fair lilies and white, living gems flaſhing bright,
Compose, happy spouse, thy bridal adorning;
Sits the Lamb by thy ſide, and beams on His bride,
Like the sun when he breaks through the gates of the morning;
Thy whole sweet employ, in triumph and joy,
Sweet anthems of praise to warble forever;
Evils merited tell, bleſſings granted as well,
With ſhoutings to grace that terminate never.
City golden and bleſt, from thy fields' teeming breaſt
Flow rivers of milk, — fair people, fair dwellings;
Thou the whole heart doſt whelm, such the charms of thy realm,
Choked is the voice with the heart's mighty swellings.

Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio,
lux tibi qualis,
Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria
quàm specialis:
Laude ſtudens ea tollere, mens mea
victa fatiscit;
O bona gloria, vincor; in omnia
laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia,
martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe ſtantia,
luce serena:
Eſt ibi pascua, mitibus afflua,
præſtita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus
eſt epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida
veſtibus albis
Sunt ſine fletibus in Syon ædibus
ædibus almis;

Confined here below, I pretend not to know
What forms this rejoicing, the kind of light given,
Nor how lofty the heights of those social delights,
Nor how special the glory that conſtitutes heaven.
These ſtriving to raise in an effort of praise,
My mind overmaſtered, lo! fainteth and faileth;
O glory unknown, I am conquered I own,
Thy superior praise in all things prevaileth.
There are ſhoutings and calls in thy echoing halls
With the martyr hoſt full, a glorious muſter,
With the citizen, bright, with the Prince aye in ſight,
Serene evermore with a soft, sacred luſtre.
There sweet paſtures around for the gentle abound,
For the saints a dear flock by the water-brooks grazing;
There's the throne of the King, there the palace-walls ring
With the sound of a multitude feaſting and praiſing.
Nation glorious and grand, through the conquering hand
Of the Leader, a hoſt in white veſtments ſhining,
Through the long rolling years they remain without tears;
In the dwellings of Zion there is reſt from repining.

Sunt ſine crimine, sunt ſine turbine,
sunt ſine lite.
In Syon ædibus editioribus
Israëlitæ.
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita
glorificandis,
Tu bona viſibus interioribus
intima pandis:
Intima lumina, mentis acumina
te speculantur,
Pectora flammea spe modò, poſtea
sorte lucrantur.
Urbs Syon unica, manſio myſtica,
condita cœlo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo,
triſtor, anhelo:
Te quia corpore non queo, pectore
sæpe penetro,

Without crime, without ſtorm, to mar and deform,
Without weapons of ſtrife, without matter of quarrel,
The Israelites bleſt in their lofty homes reſt, —
The olive of peace intertwined with the laurel.
O illuſtrious name, Zion, higheſt in fame,
Whose glory is that to the glorified owing,
Thou doſt knowledge dispense to the innermoſt sense,
Thy innermoſt good thus secretly ſhowing.
My innermoſt eyes, thus piercing the ſkies,
From the mind's higheſt peaks delighted behold thee ;
Now my breaſt, all on fire with hope and deſire,
Transported expects sometime to enfold thee.
Thou Zion art one, beſide thee is none, —
Upreared in the ſkies a myſtical dwelling, —
Now in thee I am glad, now in me I am sad,
I sob and I ſigh with breaſt heaving and swelling.
Since the body's dull clod keeps me back from my God,
Thee to pierce I oft try with spiritual pinion,

Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea,
mox cado retro,
Nemo retexere, nemoque promere
suſtinet ore
Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia.
plena decore;
Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor,
O Syon, O pax,
Urbs ſine tempore, nulla poteſt fore
laus tibi mendax;
O ſine luxibus, O ſine luctibus,
O ſine lite.
Splendida curia, florida patria,
patria vitæ!
Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita
littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo,
canto, saluto;

But earthy fleſh, fleſhy earth, makes th' attempt little worth,
And I quickly fall back to the senses' dominion.
No mortal may dare with his mouth to declare —
The taſk were presumptuous and desperate the duty —
Where thy walls, how they rise, in what part of the ſkies
Thy capitals ſhine complete in their beauty.
Thy charms, they weigh down the heart wholly and drown,
O Zion! O Peace beyond all conceiving!
City bleſt, without time, dear, tranquil, sublime,
No poſſible praise can e'er be deceiving.
No delights vain and lewd, and no sorrows intrude,
No ſtrife with its waſting, its burning and blaſting;
Home happy and high, flowery land of the ſky,
Land native to bliss and the life everlaſting.
City, seen from afar, where the glorified are,
On a safe and high ſhore, lo! thy towers are soaring;
Thee I sue, I admire, thee I love, I deſire,
Sing hymns unto thee, and salute thee adoring.

Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto
morte perire,
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego
filius iræ ;
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea,
mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus exitialibus
obruta, trita.
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia poſtulo
speque fideque,
Illa perennia poſtulo præmia
nocte dieque.
Me Pater optimus atque piiſſimus
ille creavit ;
In lue pertulit, et lue ſuſtulit,
a lue lavit.
Gratia cœlica ſuſtinet unica
totius orbis,

Not on merit, but grace, I reſt solely my case,
For, measured by merit, condemned my condition;
Not dumb and perverse do I cover the worse —
I own I 'm a child of wrath and perdition.
My life 's a life spilt, void of good, full of guilt,
A life like to death, without vital expreſſions,
Its innocence quenched, from its proper life wrenched,
Deſtroyed by reason of deadly transgreſſions.
But notwithſtanding in hope I walk softly and grope,
In hope and in faith heavenly guerdons beseeching;
I trembling and weak, eternal joys seek,
By night and by day imploring hands reaching.
Our Father above, whose nature is love,
The beſt and the deareſt, He made and He saved me,
With my vileness He bore, from my vileness He tore,
From my ſin and uncleanness He graciously laved me.
Grace celeſtial alone is the only means known,
The sovereign proviſion of God's own appointing,

Partere sordibus, interioribus
unctio morbis;
Diluit omnia cœlica gratia,
fons David undans
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit
omnia mundans;
O pia gratia, celsa palatia
cernere præstat,
Ut videam bona, festaque consona
cœlica festa.
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea,
clarior auro,
Agmine splendida, flens duce, florida
perpete lauro,
O bona patria, num tua gaudia
teque videbo?
O bona patria, num tua præmia
plena tenebo?
Dic mihi, fagito, verbaque reddito
dicque. Videbis.

The sordid of soul to save and make whole,
  For inward diseases the potent anointing.
Grace washes away all pollution for aye, —
  The Fountain of David, as free as redundant,
Makes pure all within, makes clean from all sin,
  To all alike flows in measure abundant.
O excellent grace! to an excellent place
  Me raise to discern stately palaces gleaming,
At a distance, at least, see the heavenly feast
  With holiest mirth and melody teeming.
Thou Zion! O mine, my hope all divine!
  Like gold, but far nobler, t' our dazzled eyes looming,
Most brilliant thy host, but their Leader 's thy boast,
  Brave region with laurel perpetually blooming.
O Country most sweet, shall my eyes ever greet
  Thy turrets and towers, and know thy enjoyments?
O Country most blest, e'er in thee shall I rest,
  Possess thy rewards and share thy employments?
Tell me, I pray, render answer, and say:
  "Thou shalt hereafter most surely behold me —

Spem solidam gero ; remne tenens ero ?
dic, Retinebis.
O sacer, O pius, O ter et amplius
ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus : O miser, O reus
hâc viduatus.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS.

I solid hope grasp, what I hope ſhall I clasp?
O say: In thy arms thou forever ſhalt hold me.
Advanced to that sphere, O holy, moſt dear,
O bleſſéd, thrice bleſſéd and bleſſéd forever,
Who with cleaving of heart, chose God for his part:
O wretched, undone, who from this did him sever.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (XII. Century.)

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

ALL lovers of sacred song agree in assigning to this Hymn a very high place. Clichtoveus thinks it is not possible to praise it enough, and finds it easy to believe that the author in writing it was divinely inspired. Trench characterizes it "as the loveliest of all the Hymns in the whole circle of Latin Sacred Poetry." Nor is it difficult to discover the grounds of so favorable an estimate.

Rarely has the spirit of prayer been more happily embodied, or "winged for speedier flight." It is the soul on its knees, devoutly receptive, every door thrown open, eager, expectant, looking and longing for the immediate coming of the Celestial Visitant, going forth to meet Him, to kiss His feet, to hasten His approach, to testify a holy and grateful welcome, not unmindful, but yet not deterred by the unspeak-

able greatness of the solicited condescenſion, in aſking One "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," to ſtoop to the need and poverty of its low eſtate, aſſured by the sure word of promise, and encouraged by paſt experiences of His faithfulness, that "whosoever aſketh receiveth." Truly, it were hard to find a serener, sweeter, truer, truſtfuller, terser utterance, where words so few expreſſed so much, making the air muſical, charming the ear with their soft, plaintive cadences, and penetrating the heart with the inſinuating grace of their prevalent pleading.

The merits of its metrical ſtructure are in keeping with its other excellences. It has the triplet character of Sequences in general, conſiſting of five ſtrophes of ſix lines, of seven syllables or ten half ſtrophes, the firſt and second lines of which rhyme together, the third rhyming with the corresponding third line of the following half ſtrophe. The translation here given is made to conform to the original in these as well as in other respects.

A royal authorſhip is claimed for the Hymn. It is believed to have been written by Robert II. of

France, who at the age of twenty-four, in the year 996, succeeded to his father, Hugh Capet, and reigned thirty-three years. He is described as — *Omnigenæ virtutis alumnus*, —

> " Pieux, juſte, savant, charitable, fidèle,
> De toutes les vertus, quel plus parfait modèle ? "

By the sentence of Pope Gregory V., his firſt marriage, which had been to Bertha, his couſin, was diſſolved. He was afterwards married to Conſtance, surnamed Blanche, daughter of William Count d'Arles & de Provence, a beautiful princess, but proud, capricious, and unbearable, who conducted herself in so ſtrange and violent a manner that but for the moderation and wisdom of her huſband the kingdom would have been overturned. Beſides being one of the mildeſt of sovereigns and the meekeſt of men, he is spoken of as one of the moſt learned of his time, particularly in mathematics. So charitable was he that he had always a thousand poor under his care, whom he fed. He was addicted to both poetry and muſic, and so ſkilled in both of these arts that some of his compoſitions are ſtill extant and in use. The

following example of magnanimity, more than royal, is given. A dangerous conspiracy againſt his kingdom and life having been discovered and the authors arreſted, as the other nobles were aſſembled to condemn them to death, he caused them to be entertained in a splendid manner, and the next day admitted them to the Holy Communion; after which he set them at liberty, saying, that he could not put to death those whom Jesus Chriſt had juſt received at His table. If these few glimpses of his life reveal to us the nature of some of his sorrows, the hymn here given, admitting that he was the author, ſhows no less clearly, as Trench remarks, the nature of his consolations.

The Lutheran Form of Ordination prescribes that the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" be sung at the beginning of that service. In the Romiſh Church it is sung on Whitsunday and every day throughout the week till the Sabbath following. From the general ſlaughter of the Sequences made in the ſixteenth century, this and three others were the only ones that escaped.*

* See DIES IRÆ, p. 61.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.

ENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus,
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

II.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletù solatium.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.

COME, O Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy celeſtial home
Of Thy light a ray impart!
Come Thou, Father of the poor!
Come Thou, Giver of heaven's ſtore!
Come Thou, Light of every heart!

II.

Promised Comforter and beſt,
Of the soul the deareſt Gueſt,
Sweet Refreſhment here below.
Reſt, in labor, to the feet,
Coolness in the scorching heat,
Solace in the time of woe.

III.

O lux beatiſſima !
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil eſt in homine,
Nihil eſt innoxium.

IV.

Lava quod eſt sordium,
Riga quod eſt aridum,
Sana quod eſt saucium !
Flecte quod eſt rigidum,
Fove quod eſt frigidum,
Rege quod eſt devium !

V.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sanctum septenarium : *
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitium,
Da perenne gaudium !

ROBERTUS REX FRANCIÆ,

* The seven gifts of the Spirit.

III.

O moſt bleſſed Light! the heart's
Innermoſt, moſt hidden parts
Of Thy faithful people, fill!
Not without Thy favor can
There be aught of good in man,
Any thing that is not ill.

IV.

What is sordid make Thou clean,
What is dry make moiſt and green,
What is wounded heal for aye.
Bend what 's rigid to Thy will,
Warm Thou whatsoe'er is chill,
Guide what 's devious and aſtray.

V.

To Thy faithful given be —
Those confiding ſtill in Thee —
Graciouſly the holy seven:
Give Thou virtue's recompense,
Give a safe departure hence,
Give th' eternal joy of heaven.

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.
(Beginning of XI. Century.)

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

THIS well-known Hymn, older than the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," is of the same pure type, both being happily characterized by a moſt unromiſh catholicity that makes them sweetly acceptable to all Chriſtian hearts. Here, at leaſt, there is no profane admixture of borrowed or imitated paganism — no ſtanding in the old Roman Pantheon, with a retention of not a little of the form and spirit of the old worſhip, paying vows to manifold apotheoſized Chriſtian saints, as once to deceased pagan heroes or mythological divinities — but a solemn address and devout prayer to that "Creator Spirit," who, in the sublime language of Milton, —

"from the firſt
Was present, and with mighty wings outspread

Dove-like sat brooding on the vaſt abyss
And made it pregnant" —

"the third subſiſtence of the divine infinitude, illuminating Spirit, the joy and solace of created things;" "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases;" the third person of "the One tripersonal Godhead" —

"that doth prefer,
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure," —

not invoked as a Muse to inspire the poet's song and bear him upward on the wings of a swift rapture to "the higheſt heaven of invention," — but as the indispensable Begetter of a new spiritual life in the loſt soul of man; the Finger of the mighty power of God whose saving and converting touch, reaching to the deepeſt springs of human thought, feeling, and conduct, uplifts to the serene altitude of "heavenly places in Chriſt Jesus;" the myſtery of an ineffable Cause, working effectually "to will and to do" in perfect harmony with the utmoſt moral freedom of

action and volition; the supreme Gift, and the infinite Giver of gifts; the reſident Paraclete, domeſticated in human consciousness; the Light of a ſteady illumination, and the Fire of a continual joy; the incredible sweetness of whose comforting and compensatory presence and perpetual indwelling, according to the marvelous saying of the Divine Lord Himself, making it expedient that He ſhould go away in order that there might follow this subſtituted and surpaſſing bleſſedness to His bereaved and orphaned disciples when deprived of His own ſight and society; — the Promise of the Father, Proceeding Spirit, manifeſted in a miraculous outpouring of baptismal fullness on the day of Pentecoſt, as a crowning proof to all, that He whom the Jews had crucified had indeed paſſed into the higheſt heaven and been to "the right hand of God exalted," thence to dispense this immeasurable grace to the children of men, that they in turn might celebrate in glad doxologies the triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, throughout all ages, Amen!

Although it is not certainly known that Charlemagne is the author, he is commonly so reputed.

Others think the probabilities are in favor of Gregory the Great. They say, the claſſic metre with the intermingling rhymes, and the ſtyle generally, are Gregory's. So, too, the claſſic scanſion of the fifth line making the penult of "Paraclītus" long, betrays, it is argued, the Grecian which Gregory was, and Charlemagne was not. On the other hand, it is aſſerted that Charlemagne was quite equal to the taſk. "His eloquence," says his Secretary, "was abundant. He was able to express with facility all he wiſhed; and not content with his mother tongue, he beſtowed great pains upon foreign languages. He had taken so well to the Latin, that he was able to speak publicly in that language almoſt as eaſily as in his own. He underſtood Greek and ſtudied Hebrew." He wrote other verses, which are ſtill extant: — an epitaph on Adrian I., the Song of Roland, an ode to the scholar Warnefride, and an epigram in hexameter verse. There exiſts a letter addreſſed by him to his biſhops, entitled *De gratiâ ſeptiformis Spiritus*, ſhowing that he took a special intereſt in the subject of the Hymn. Moreover, the twofold proceſſion of the Holy Ghoſt, affirmed in the ſixth ſtrophe, and

with an emphaſis implying that it was conſidered an important article of belief, was firſt confirmed as the doctrine of the Weſtern Church by a Synod aſſembled under imperial auspices at Aix-la-Chapelle in the year 809; and this circumſtance ſtrengthens, it is thought, the probability that he was the author. Charlemagne, "claimed by the Church as a saint, by the French as their greateſt king, by the Germans as their countryman, by the Italians as their emperor," died at Aix-la-Chapelle, we are told, with his crown upon his head, and his copy of the Gospels upon his knees.

Beſides being used as a Pentecoſtal Hymn, it has been the cuſtom to employ it on great occaſions like the coronation of kings, the celebration of synods, and, in the Romiſh Church, the creation of popes, &c. It is the only Breviary Hymn retained by the Episcopal Church, where a place is aſſigned it in the offices for the ordination of prieſts and the consecration of biſhops. The Prayer Book contains two verſions. Dryden's admirable paraphrase is well known. The rendering here given is much more close. In German there are several tranſlations.

One by Luther begins : *Kum Schepher heiliger Geiſt.*

The Latin text varies in different editions. Some interpolate between the 5th and 6th verses the following additional one :

Da gaudiorum præmia,
Da gratiarum munera,
Diſſolve litis vincula,
Adſtringe pacis fœdera.

The final verse is sometimes given thus :

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto ſimul Paraclīto,
Nobisque mittat Filius,
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

That the final verse was added afterwards may be deduced from the fact that the quantity of " Paraclīto " in this differs from that of " Paraclītus " in the second verse of the hymn — the penult in the one case being ſhort and in the other long. The Hymn moreover in its present form has, so to speak, a double doxology or celebration of the Trinity, which increases the probability that it ended originally with the ſixth verse.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

I.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mens tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

II.

Qui Paraclitus diceris
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

III.

Tu septiformis munere,[1]
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,[2]
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

I.

REATOR Spirit, Gueſt Divine,
Come, viſit and inhabit Thine,
Enter the mind's Moſt Holy Place,
And breaſts Thou madeſt fill with grace.

II.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Of God Moſt High the Gift complete,
The Living Fount, the Fire, the Love,
And Holy Unction from above.

III.

Sevenfold the gifts at Thy command,
Finger of God's supreme right hand,
The Promise of the Father, who
Doſt throats enrich with utt'rance new.

IV.

Accende lumen senſibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma noſtri corporis,
Virtute firmans perpeti.

V.

Hoſtem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus :
Ductore ſic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

VI.

Per te sciamus da Patrem
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

VII.

Deo Patri ſit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

CAROLUS MAGNUS.

IV.

Kindle the senses, light impart,
Infuse Thy love in every heart,
Weaken our body's bent to wrong,
In laſting virtue making ſtrong.

V.

Drive farther off the helliſh foe,
And conſtant peace henceforth beſtow.
May we — Thou, Leader in the way —
All evil ſhun, nor go aſtray.

VI.

Grant we may know in verity
The Father and the Son through Thee;
And in all time may Thee believe
Spirit of Both, and so receive.

VII.

Be God the Father glorified,
And God the Son who for us died
And rose, and God the Paraclete,
Ages on ages infinite.

CHARLEMAGNE. (Beginning of IX. Century.)

[1] The seven gifts of the Holy Spirit (Isaiah xi. 2, 3) are: 1. Wisdom (*sapientia*); 2. Underſtanding (*intellectus*); 3. Counsel (*conſilium*); 4. Fortitude (*fortitudo*); 5. Knowledge (*scientia*); 6. Piety (*pietas*); 7. Fear of the Lord (*timor*). Whence the verse: —

Sap. intel. con. for. sci. pi. ti. collige dona.

[2] The title here given to the Holy Ghoſt — *Digitus Dei* — borrowed from Luke xi. 20, and answering to the *Spiritus Dei* of Matthew xii. 28, is adapted, so it is thought, to suggeſt other ideas beſides the ſingle one of power. As the fingers are various but have a common origin in the hand, so there are diverſities of gifts and operations, but the same Spirit. Notwithſtanding diviſions, there is a root of unity. Jerome finds in it moreover a hint of the homoouſian union of the Spirit with the Father and the Son. "If, therefore," he argues, "the Son is the hand and arm of God, and the Holy Ghoſt His finger, there is one subſtance of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt." It is ſtated in Exodus that "the Lord delivered unto Moses two tables of ſtone written with the finger of God;" and Paul speaks of the Corinthian converts as "epiſtles of Chriſt, written not with ink, but the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of ſtone, but in the fleſhly tables of the heart," — thus furniſhing another illuſtration of scriptural usage in aſcribing the same function and work to the finger of God and the Spirit of God.

ALPHABETIC JUDGMENT-HYMN.

(HYMNUS ALPHABETICUS DE DIE JUDICII.)

THE venerable Bede, an Engliſh monk, who lived in the seventh century, makes mention of this Alphabetical Hymn, so that it muſt have been written before his time. The author is unknown. Daniel remarks: "It is intereſting to compare this piece on the Laſt Judgment with that moſt celebrated one, *Dies iræ*, *dies illa*, by which in majeſty and terror, not in holy ſimplicity and truthfulness, it is surpaſſed." Neale, likewise, speaking of this Hymn, says: "It manifeſtly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which, however inferior in lyric fervor and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and ſimple realization of the subject."

HYMNUS DE DIE JUDICII.

APPAREBIT repentina Dies Magna Domini
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos occupans,
B revis totus tum parebit prisci luxus sæculi,
Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.
C langor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens,
Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.
D e cœlesti Judex arce, majestate fulgidus
Claris angelorum choris comitatus aderit:
E rubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,
Stella cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus;
F lamma, ignis anteibit justi vultum Judicis,
Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.
G loriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,
Angelorum temebunda circumstabant agmina,

JUDGMENT-HYMN.

AS a thief in the night, when none waketh to ward,
Shall be the surprise of that Day of the Lord;
Brief ſhall then ſeem all its pomp and display
When the world ſhall have paſſed and its faſhion away.
Clangor of trumpet-call, everywhere ſpread,
Shall gather to Chriſt all the quick and the dead.
Dazzling from heaven the Judge ſhall descend,—
Bright choirs of angels His coming attend:
E'en as blood ſhall the moon be, the sun it ſhall fade,
Stars paling ſhall fall, and the world be afraid;
'Fore the face of the Judge, lo! a fire ſhall sweep
Devouring the heavens, the land and the deep.
Glorious the King ſhall be seated on high,
While trembling around ſtand the hoſts of the ſky.

H ujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,
Pravi pavent a siniſtris hœdi velut fœtidi:
I te, dicit Rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,
Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum,
C aritate qui fraterna me juviſtis pauperem,
Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.
L æti dicent: quando, Chriſte, pauperem te vidimus,
Te, Rex magne, vel egentem miserati juvimus:
M agnus illis dicet Judex: cum juviſtis pauperes,
Panem, domum, veſtem dantes, me juviſtis humiles.
N ec tardabat et siniſtris loqui juſtus Arbiter:
In Gehenna maledicti flammas hinc discedite;
O bsecrantem me audire despexiſtis mendicum,
Nudo veſtem non dediſtis, neglexiſtis languidum.
P eccatores dicent: Chriſte, quando te vel pauperem,
Te, Rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes sprevimus.
Q uibus contra Judex altus: mendicanti quamdiu
Opem ferre despexiſtis, ne spreviſtis improbi.

H is elect on the right shall be gathered, the while
On His left shall be placed the wicked and vile;
"**I** nherit the kingdom!" — shall the King say to those — [was;
"The Father prepared for you ere the world
"**K** indly, Me poor, ye did succor in love,
"Love's guerdon receive now, ye rich, from above."
"**L** ord," they shall say, "when did we e'er see
"Thee poor, and in want gave succor to Thee?"
"**M** e" — shall He say — "ye did succor, 't was I
"When ye cared for the poor, shared the timely supply."
N ext, over the left, in loud thunders shall burst:
"To the flames of Gehenna depart ye accurst:
"**O** n Me needy ye looked and turned a deaf ear,
"When naked Me clothed not, when sick came not near."
"**P** ray tell us, Great King, when, poor or forlorn,
"Did we ever contemn Thee or treat Thee with scorn?"
Q uestioned, the Judge shall then answer: "Know ye
"What time ye the needy despised ye did Me."

R etro ruent tum injuſti ignes in perpetuos,
Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec reſtinguitur,
S atan atro cum miniſtris quo tenetur carcere,
Fletus ubi mugitusque, ſtrident omnes dentibus.
T unc fideles ad cœleſtem ſuſtollentur patriam,
Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia,
U rbis summæ Hirusalem introibunt gloriam
Vera lucis atque pacis in qua fulget viſio.
X PM regem jam paterna claritate splendidum
Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina —
Y dri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,
Aurum temne, fuge luxus ſi vis aſtra petere,
Z ona clara caſtitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,
In occursum Magni Regis fer ardentes lampades.

R uſh ſhall the wicked then, plunged in the fire
Where the worm ſhall not die nor the flame ſhall expire.

S atan in chains ſhall there hold them beneath,
Where are weeping and wailing and gnaſhing of teeth.

T hen the faithful, upborne to the heavenly land,
Shall partake of the joys at Jehovah's right hand;

U ſhered ſhall be in that Salem above
Where ſhines the true viſion of light, peace, and love;

'X alted as King, in divinity dreſt,
There Chriſt ſhall be viewed by the hoſts of the bleſt.

Y ou the Serpent's wiles ſhun, you the weak ones ſuſtain,
Scorn gold, flee excess, would you the ſtars gain.

Z one of chaſtity bright be your girdle, forth bring
Your lamps trimmed and burning to meet the Great King.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR.
(VII. Century, or earlier.)

ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

(CARMEN JACOPONI DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.)

THIS Hymn was first printed in Paris, 1496. It has been ascribed to various persons, among the rest to St. Bernard; also to Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, England, who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century. But Wadding, in his "Annals of the Minorites," points to Jacopone as the true author of this as well as of the *Stabat Mater;* and this now would seem to be the received opinion. Du Meril collates the third and fourth verses with the following lines taken from another part of the same poem as "The Better Country," — Bernard's "De Contemptu Mundi." The reader will readily recognize the rhyming hexameter with which he was made familiar in the former extract:

" Eſt ubi gloria nunc, Babylonia ? sunt ubi durus
Nabuchodonozor et Darii vigor, illeque Cyrus ?
Nunc ubi curia pompaque Iulia ? Cæsar obiſti ;
Te truculentior, orbe potentior ipse fuiſti.
Nunc ubi Marius atque Fabricius inscius auri ?
Mors ubi nobilis et memorabilis actio Pori ?
Diva philippica, vox ubi cœlica nunc Ciceronis ?
Pax ubi civibus atque rebellibus ira Catonis ?
Nunc ubi Regulus, aut ubi Romulus, aut ubi Remus ?
Stat rosa priſtina nomine, nomina nuda tenemus."

Here is more in the same vein, occurring in a hymn " On Death," of an uncertain date and by an unknown author :

" Ubi Plato, ubi Porphyrius ;
Ubi Tullius aut Virgilius ;
Ubi Thales, ubi Empedocles,
Aut egregius Ariſtoteles ;
Alexander ubi rex maximus ;
Ubi Hector Troiæ fortiſſimus ;
Ubi David rex doctiſſimus,
Ubi Salomon prudentiſſimus ;
Ubi Helena Parisque roseus ;
Ceciderunt in profundum ut lapides :
Quis scit, an detur eis requies."

DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.

I.

CUR mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas eſt tranſitoria?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia,
Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

II.

Plus crede literis scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ!
Fallax in præmiis virtutis specie,
Quæ nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.

III.

Dic, ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis,
Vel ubi Sampson eſt, dux invincibilis?

ON CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

I.

WHY toileth the world in the service of glory,
Whose triumphs are brief, though the proudeſt in ſtory?
Its power, though as high as the heart ever flattered,
Like the vase of the potter, that quickly is ſhattered.

II.

Truſt a pledge writ in ice when winter is leaving —
Than the world's fair falsehoods less vain and deceiving!
Moſt false in its promise of virtue's rewarding,
The time of redemption it never regarding.

III.

O say, where is Solomon, aforetime so glorious?
Or where now is Sampson, a leader victorious?

Vel pulcher Absalom, vultu mirabilis,
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?

IV.

Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?
Vel Xerxes splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?
Vel Ariſtoteles, summus ingenio?

V.

Tot clari proceres, tot rerum spatia,
Tot ora præsulum, tot regna fortia,
Tot mundi principes, tanta potentia,
In ictu oculi clauduntur omnia.

VI.

Quam breve feſtum eſt hæc mundi gloria!
Ut umbra hominis, ſic ejus gaudia,
Quæ semper subtrahunt æterna præmia,
Et ducunt hominem ad dura devia.

Or beautiful Absalom, with aspect uncommon?
Or Jonathan sweet, more loving than woman?

IV.

Where 's Cæsar gone now, in command high and able?
Or Xerxes the splendid, complete in his table?
Or Tully, with powers of eloquence ample?
Or Aristotle, of genius the highest example?

V.

So many great nobles, things, administrations,
So many high chieftains, so many brave nations,
So many proud princes, and power so splendid,
In a moment, a twinkling, all utterly ended.

VI.

How vain this world's glory, a brief banquet its measure,
As is a man's shadow so also its pleasure,
Which forever of endless rewards make deduction,
And lead in the hard devious paths of destruction.

VII.

O esca vermium, O massa pulveris,
O ros, O vanitas, cum sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus, utrum cras vixeris;
Benefac omnibus, quamdiu poteris!

VIII.

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,
Sacris in literis flos fœni dicitur;
O leve folium, quod vento rapitur!
Sic vita hominis hac via tollitur.

IX.

Nil tuum dixeris, quod potes perdere!
Quod mundus tribuit, intendit rapere.
Superna cogita! cor sit in æthere!
Felix, qui potuit mundum contemnere!

Jacobus de Benedictis.

VII.

O food for the worms, O mass of duſt drifted,
O dew, O vanity, for what so uplifted?
Thou know'ſt not at all, if thou 'lt live till to-
morrow;
Do good while thou canſt to the children of sorrow.

VIII.

That glory, by the great so much eſtimated,
As the flower of grass is in Holy Writ rated:
O leaf light and frail, by the wind snatched and
harried,
Ev'n so human life is away from earth carried.

IX.

Thou ſhould'ſt call nought thy own which is loſt
ere one knoweth,
The world taketh back the good it beſtoweth:
On supernal joys think! let thy heart be in heaven!
Contemn thou the world, and beware of its leaven.

JACOPONE. (XIII. Century.)

Stabat **MATER DOLOROSA**
Juxta Crucem Lachrymosa

Paul Delaroche

MAR 3 1
GEOLOGICAL

Stabat Mater

HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY

TRANSLATED BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., PH. D.

With Photograph

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PROEM.

THE celebrated Paſſion Hymn, the STABAT MATER, is so conſtantly aſſociated with the Dies Iræ that to mention the one is to suggeſt the other. It has been thought, therefore, that a Tranſlation of this Prosa likewise, made as literal as poſſible, might be acceptable to some readers, and form a not unsuitable appendage to the former volume, by supplying a ready means of comparison between two productions, about which, down to this day even, there has been a difference of opinion as to which should be awarded the palm of superiority.

It is hardly neceſſary to say that reference is here had to their lyrical merits only ; for while the devout Proteſtant finds nothing in the Judgment Hymn to jar with his own religious convictions, he is neces-sarily offended in the Stabat Mater by a devotion he

believes misdirected and idolatrous, in the adoration which it pays to the Virgin. He is aware, however, that in the formation of a critical estimate of the two, theological considerations have no right to enter; and certainly the most zealous Romanist will be constrained to admit that there has been no backwardness evinced on the part of those who are not of his faith to do ample justice to the lyric excellence of the latter. Some have gone so far as to place it above its great rival, but this is not the general judgment, nor is it ours.

Beautiful it undoubtedly is, and powerful in its pathos beyond almost anything that has ever been written; but it is nevertheless true (and the same indeed may be said of the Dies Iræ likewise) that it owes much of its power to make us admire and weep to the transcendent nature of its theme. Beyond controversy, the most affecting spectacle ever exhibited to the gaze of the universe, was that witnessed on Mount Calvary. That amazing scene — Jesus on the cross and his mother standing near — had been, of course, a familiar object of contemplation to all Christian hearts, centuries before the

author wrote. His chief buſiness therefore would be not to originate but reproduce.

Evidently the key-note of the Hymn is ſtruck in the two firſt lines, of which the language is wholly borrowed (bating the epithets, which are not in the manner of the sacred writers) from the Evangeliſt John, as found in the Latin verſion: *Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus.* This brief but wonderfully suggeſtive sentence, furniſhes an outline which the pooreſt imagination would be capable of filling up in a degree. Every mother's heart, for example, would suffice to tell what an abyss of tears muſt have gone to make up that hiatus in the narrative, which leaves solely to inference what were the feelings of her, who, without comprehending the mystery, ſtood there gazing upward on the agonized face and writhing form of her divine Son, through the long hours of mortal anguiſh during which he hung upon the cross.

But however spontaneous and natural, — however true, beautiful, and even poetic, — and however vivid the emotions of sorrow, terror, and pity, ariſing out of these inſtinctive and uninſtructed perceptions,

there is a vagueness as well as vividness, and a resulting incapacity to express clearly and adequately what is so genuinely felt. The ability to do this is rare, and rarer ſtill the poetic faculty, whereby the unwritten melody of the heart is accommodated to all lips and sung in all ears. To say that the author of the Stabat Mater poſſeſſed this power and achieved this triumph is to beſtow upon him and his work the higheſt praise.

Rude though he be, and a ſtammerer of barbarous Latin, he gives undeniable evidence of being a true poet. He has clairvoyance and second ſight. The diſtant and the paſt are made to him a virtual here and now. He is in Italy, but he is also in Judea. He lives in the thirteenth century, but is an eye-witness of the crucifixion in the beginning of the firſt. He has immediate viſion. All that is tranſpiring on Golgotha is diſtinctly pictured on the retina of his mind's eye. And by the light which is in him he photographs what he sees for the use of others. His *ecce!* is no pointless indication, but an actual ſhowing. The wail he utters is a veritable echo of that which goes up from the cross. Everything is true to nature and to life.

The Hymn conſiſts of two parts. The firſt four verses give a description of the ſituation and character of the actors in the drama, as pictorially powerful as scripturally juſt. From this fruitful source have come all the Mater Dolorosas of the Painters. It is aſſumed, in accordance with the belief of the Fathers, that the prophecy of Simeon: "A sword ſhall pass through thy own soul also," had then its proper fulfilment. In the remaining ſix verses, the writer henceforth diſſatisfied with the *rôle* of a spectator, seeks to identify himself with the tragic scene; prays that he may be permitted to bear a part, not in the way of sympathy merely, but of suffering also, and this too, the same both in kind and degree; that, enduring ſtripe for ſtripe, wound for wound, there might be to him in every ſtage of the Redeemer's paſſion, groan answering to groan.

It is now that the Franciscan appears quite as much as the Chriſtian. Even when, as in the 8th verse, he quotes St. Paul (who speaks of "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus"), he is evidently thinking of St. Francis. He would fain have repeated the miracle of the "Stigmata" in his

own person, — have an actual and visible reproduction of the print of the nails and the spear in his own hands and feet and side. As "plagas" in the last line of the same verse is used not unfrequently in the sense, not so much of wounds as the marks and appearances left by wounds, it would correspond very exactly with the stigmata named in the legend, and most likely, in the author's use of it, it was intended as a synonym. The possibility of such a literalness, however incredible to us, would not be so to him.

This Hymn is full of the implied merit of suffering, — its meritoriousness in itself. And this is probably one of the reasons why it became such a favorite with the Flagellants, otherwise called Brethren of the Cross (Crucifrates) and Cross-Bearers (Cruciferi), penitents who, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries went about in procession day and night, travelling everywhere, naked to the waist, with heads covered with a white cap or hood, whence they received likewise the appellation of Dealbatores, singing penitential psalms, and whipping themselves until the blood flowed. By their means it was that the knowledge of this Hymn was first carried to almost every country in Europe.

The authorſhip of the Stabat Mater, like that of the Dies Iræ, has been the subject of dispute. It has been variouſly ascribed — to Pope Innocent III., but backed by no evidence whatever; to one of the Gregories, (either the 9th, 10th, or 11th, which, is not ſtated,) on the authority of the old Florentine hiſtorian Antoninus, who lived in the fifteenth century; to John XXII., on the faith of the Genoese Chancellor and hiſtorian, Georgius Stella, who wrote a few years earlier than the laſt named, dying in 1420. The text, as supplied by him, the oldeſt perhaps extant, differs but little from that of the Miſſale Romanum, except that it contains three more verses. Others have referred its paternity, contrary to all probability, to St. Bernard. Dismiſſing all these as conjectures unsupported by proof, it is now generally conceded, that evidence both external and internal makes it wellnigh certain that the Hymn was the work of a Franciscan friar, a junior contemporary as well as brother of the author of Dies Iræ, named Jacobus de Benedictis, commonly called Jacopone, that is, the great Jacob. This latter name, it seems, was originally deſigned as a kind of nickname; the

syllabic suffix, *oné*, meaning in Italian great, having been added by scoffing contemporaries by way of derision, on account of the ſtrangeness of his appearance and behavior. Indeed, if we may credit the ſtories told by Wadding, the Iriſh hiſtorian of the order, himself one of the number, his conduct at times so far exceeded the bounds of ordinary fanatical extravagance, as to be totally irreconcilable with the poſſeſſion of right reason. Wadding expreſſly says that he was subject to fits of insanity, leading him at one time to enter the public market-place naked, with a saddle on his back and a bridle in his mouth, going on all fours ; and at another, after anointing himself with oil, and rolling himself in feathers of various colors, to make his appearance suddenly, in this unseemly and hideous guise, in the midſt of a gay aſſembly gathered together at the house of his brother on the occaſion of his daughter's marriage, — and this too, in disregard of previous precautionary entreaties of friends, who, apprehenſive, it seems, at the time they invited him that he might be guilty of some crazy manifeſtation or other, had begged him not to do anything to diſturb the wedding feſtivities, but to behave as an ordinary citizen.

The ſhocking circumſtances under which he loſt a pious and beloved wife (the fall of a scaffold upon which a large number of females were seated witneſſing some ſpectacle), and the discovery after death that ſhe wore a girdle of hair around her naked body as a means of mortification to the fleſh, affected him, it is said, to such a degree, that he immediately reſolved to abandon the world, and devote the remainder of his days to the ſevereſt penances. He accordingly gave up all his civil honors, and divided his eſtate among the poor. Uniting himself to one of the exiſting orders, he now went abroad as a monk, clothed in rags, and practiſing all manner of ascetic severities beyond what was required of him by the rules of his order.

It is charitable to suppose that the ſhock of his domeſtic calamity, while it awakened his religious ſenſibilities, had the effect at the same time of unſettling his reason, cauſing partial insanity. It is in no wise inconſiſtent with this ſuppoſition, that he was able to write poems of such excellence as the Stabat Mater, and that other one ascribed to him by Wadding: "Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria," &c.,

ſince it is well known that mental unsoundness on some one point is not neceſſarily incompatible with the normal exercise of the general powers of the mind. This medical fact was not so well underſtood in his time as now; and when at the end of ten years he deſired to be received by the Minorites, and they heſitated on account of his reputed insanity, their scruples were overcome by reading his work "On Contempt of the World," conceiving that it was impoſſible that an insane man could write so excellent a book. This would seem to have been a prose work, written probably in his own Italian vernacular, and therefore not to be confounded with the Hymn juſt referred to, which usually bears likewise the title of "De Contemptu Mundi."

As a Minorite he was not willing to become a prieſt, only a lay-brother. Very severe againſt himself, he was, says Wadding, always full of deſire to imitate Christ and suffer for Him. In an ecſtasy he imagined at times that he ſaw Him with his bodily eyes, and believed that Jesus often conversed with him, — calling him deareſt Jacob. Very frequently he was seen ſighing; sometimes weeping, sometimes

ſinging, sometimes embracing trees, and exclaiming, "O sweet Jesus! O gracious Jesus! O beloved Jesus!" Once when weeping loudly, on being aſked the cause, he answered: "Because Love is not loved." This fine saying is not unworthy of the author of the Stabat Mater.

For determining the genuineness of love he gives these searching teſts. "I cannot know poſitively that I love, yet I have some good marks of it. Among others, it is a ſign of love to God when I aſk the Lord for something and He does it not, and I love Him notwithſtanding more than before. If He does contrary to that which I seek for in my prayer, and I love him twofold more than before, it is a ſign of right love. Of love to my neighbor I have this ſign: namely, that when he injures me I love him not less than before. Did I love him less, it would prove that I had loved not him previouſly but myself." In this acute appreciation of the ſigns and symptoms of true love, he gives evidence certainly of no want of ſkill in spiritual diagnosis; and were he equally sound and discriminating in all parts of Chriſtian doctrine and experience as in this, it might have been quite

safe to truſt him with the cure of souls. It may be that his teſts are too severe and superhuman, and so far erroneous.

On the subjugation of the senses he allegorizes in this wise: "A very beautiful virgin had five brothers, and all were very poor. And the virgin had a precious jewel of great worth. One brother was a guitar-player, the second a painter, the third a cook, the fourth a spice dealer, the fifth a pimp. Each was willing to use blandiſhments to get the ſtone. The firſt was willing to play, and so on. But ſhe said: What ſhall I do when the muſic has ceased? In ſhort, ſhe remained firm, and gave the jewel to none. At length a great king came, who was willing to raise her to be his bride, and give her eternal life if ſhe would present him with the ſtone. Whereupon ſhe says: How can I, O my sovereign, to such grace refuse the ſtone; and so ſhe gave it him." It is plain that by the brothers are meant the Five Senses; by the virgin, the Soul; and by the precious jewel, the Will.

With his severe principles and severer ascetic life, Jacopone could not fail to earneſtly denounce the

corruptions of his time in general, and especially the licentious manners, wickedness, and debaucheries of the prieſthood, and the deeply sunken condition of the Church. Boniface III., who, prior to his elevation to the papal chair, had lived in friendly relations with Jacopone, having been deeply offended by some ſharp censures directed againſt him, threw him into prison, — at the same time suspended over him the excommunication. Boniface one day paſſing the cell where Jacopone was, aſked scornfully, "When will you come out?" He answered, "When you come in." Boniface's own imprisonment and unhappy end in 1303 set him at liberty.

It is related likewise how he baffled Satanic craft by superior craftiness of his own; but the details of these temptations are so childiſh and ridiculous that it would not be profitable to quote. Doubtless it is more fitting to weep than to laugh over the frenzies and follies of such a man, —

> "To see that noble and moſt sovereign reason
> Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harſh."

His whole hiſtory gives a melancholy but inſtructive inſight into the prevalent fanaticism and dark-

ness of the period. His death took place at an advanced age in 1306. "He died," says Wadding, "like the swan, ſinging, — having composed several Hymns juſt before his death."

The number of Tranſlations made of the Stabat Mater is scarcely exceeded by that of the Dies Iræ. Lisco, in his work devoted to this Prosa, gives or makes mention of eighty-three in all, complete and incomplete. With the exception of four done in Dutch, these are all German. A ſimilar collection of Engliſh verſions, although comparatively few in number, would not be without intereſt. In attempting to add another to those already exiſting, the present Tranſlator has been moved by a deſire to produce one more literal, if poſſible, than any he has seen. He is not, he confeſſes, friendly to free tranſlations. Free, he has often observed, is another name for false. A counterfeit is put in the place of the genuine; so that inſtead of a Stabat we get only some worthless subſtitute. He honors that painstaking religious scrupuloſity which reſpects the sacredness of words as well as thoughts; and ſhuns all sacrilegious license and profane handling, — carry-

ing this reverence for the venerated text so far as to be unwilling, if it can poſſibly be helped, to vary one jot or tittle, either in the way of subſtitution or alteration.

He has no patience with that preposterous conceit, sufficiently common, which imagines itself competent to improve on great originals — whether for that matter these be in a foreign tongue or the vernacular, and so applies to all tamperings with Engliſh hymns as well. It is much, he conſiders, as if some absurd novice of the bruſh ſhould undertake with a presumptuous hand to retouch a Raphael; or an irreverent ſtone-cutter, by the clumsy use of his chisel, to improve a Venus de Medicis, or an Apollo Belvedere; or some ignorant devotee to make some fine ſtatue of the Virgin finer by puerile adornments of dress, trinkets, and glass beads. If the use of means adapted to degrade a maſterpiece to the level of an image be accounted a ſin and an outrage, it is difficult to see why the impertinences of the cheap embelliſhments of every would-be tranſlator of famous originals, who aspires to be fine rather than faithful, ſhould not be regarded as equally criminal. It may

be, as Dryden says, "*almoſt* impoſſible to tranſlate verbally and well;" but as the portrait of a friend is worthless, however beautiful, unless it be a likeness, ſo we hold a verſion muſt fail of its purpose and be wanting in value, juſt ſo far as it is lacking in the eſſential point of being a faithful representation, both as to form and spirit, of that to which it relates. What is here said, is meant, of course, to apply only to what is deliberately put forth as a veritable translation; and not to a production which avowedly uses the text merely as a theme, profeſſing and claiming to do no more. In this case one may deviate as he pleases. It is excluſively his own buſiness.

With these views of the duties of a tranſlator, the writer has aimed, however much he may have fallen ſhort, to make his rendering a word for word reflection of the original, so far at leaſt as the rigorous requirements of rhyme and rhythm would allow. For the sake, too, of a closer rhythmic conformity, he has sought even to preserve the muſical quadruplications of the female rhymes found in the second and ſixth verses. The text adopted is that of the Roman Miſſal, except in one or two inſtances where another reading has been preferred.

To make the resemblance between the two Hymns ſtill more complete, the Stabat Mater, like the Dies Iræ, has been moſt fortunate in its muſical alliances; having been made the theme of some of the moſt celebrated compoſitions of the moſt eminent composers. It was set to muſic in the ſixteenth century by the famous papal chapel maſter, Paleſtrina; and his compoſition is ſtill annually performed in the Siſtine Chapel during Holy Week. It is sung likewise in connection with the feſtival of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin. The compoſition of Pergoleſi, the laſt and moſt celebrated of his works, made juſt before his death and left unfiniſhed, has never, down to the present day, been surpaſſed, if equalled, in the eſtimation of critics. It is set for two voices, with accompaniments.

Tieck, in his Phantasus, Vol. 2d, p. 438, (edition of 1812,) thus speaks of the compoſition of Pergoleſi and the Hymn itself: "The loveliness of sorrow in the depth of pain, the smiling in tears, the childlikeness, which touches on the higheſt heaven, had to me never before risen so bright in the soul. I had to turn away to conceal my tears, especially at the

place : ‘ Videt suum dulcem natum.’ How ſignificant, that the Amen, after all is concluded, ſtill sounds and plays in itself, and in tender emotion can find no end, as if it were afraid to dry up the tears, and would ſtill fill itself with sobbings. The poetry itself is touching and profoundly penetrating ; surely the poet sang those rhymes : ‘ Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat cum videbat,’ with a moved mind.” It is a tradition, that the great impreſſion which the Stabat Mater of the young artiſt (Pergoleſi) made on its firſt performance, inflamed another muſician with such furious envy, that he ſtruck down the young man as he was coming out of the church. This tradition has long ago been disproved, but as Pergoleſi died early, it may, as one remarks, be permitted to the poet to refer to this ſtory, and allow him to fall as a victim of his art and inspiration. He was born 1704–11 at Jeſi, and died 1737 at Torre del Greco, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, where he had retired on account of his weakened health. The recent composition of Roſſini is popular and pleaſing, but more operatic than eccleſiaſtical, and so is better suited to the concert-room than the church.

The names of other diſtinguished composers might be cited, such as Aſtorga, Haydn, Bellini, and Neukomm. Aſtorga's principal work was his Stabat Mater, the MS. of which is ſtill preserved at Oxford, he having lived a year or two in England. He was a native of Sicily, and died in 1755. Haydn's was published in the year 1781.

We give below a condensed view of the various readings taken from Lisco; and as the Hymn is usually divided into three-line Strophes, making in all twenty, the references will be to these: —

Strophe 2, line 2. Contriſtatam — Contriſtantem.
4, " 2. Et tremebat — Pia mater — Dum videbat et tremebat.
5, " 2. Chriſti matrem ſi — Matrem Chriſti cum.
5, " 3. In tanto — tanto in.
6, " 1. Quis non poſſit — Quis non poteſt — Quis poſſit non.
8, " 1. Videns — Vidit.
8, " 2. Morientem — Moriendo.
8, " 3. Dum emiſit — amiſit.
9, " 1. Pia mater — Eja mater.
10, " 3. Ut ſibi — Et ſibi; ut tibi; ut ipſi; ſibi ut.
11, " 3. Valide — vivide.
12, " 2. Jam dignati — Tam dignati.

Strophe 12, line 3. Pœnas pro me — Pœnas mecum.
13, " 1. Fac me vere tecum — Fac me tecum pie.
14, " 2. Te libenter — Et me tibi — Tibi me consociare.
14, " 3. In planctu — Cum planctu.
15, " 2. Mihi jam — Mihi tam.
16, " 2. Suæ sortem — Fac consortem.
16, " 3. Plagas recolere — Plagis te colere.
17, " 2. Cruce hac — Cruce fac me hac beari — Cruce fac.
17, " 3. Ob amorem — Et cruore.
18, " 1. Inflammatus et accensus — Flammis urar ne (ne urar) succensus.
20, " 3. Gloria — Gratia.

The Stabat Mater of Haydn has this for the eighteenth Strophe : —

Flammis orci ne succendar
Per te, virgo, fac, defendar,
In die judicii.

The Carmelite Miſſal gives for the nineteenth Strophe the following : —

Chriſte, cum ſit hinc exire
Da per matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

The change made in some copies of the seven-

teenth Strophe, of the original "Cruce hac inebriari," into "Cruce fac me hac beari," is ſignificant of some exception having been taken to the great ſtrength, not to say the audacity, of the author's metaphor, — the drunkenness of love.

SEQUENTIA DE SEPTEM DOLORIBUS BEATÆ VIRGINIS.

I.

STABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Quâ pendebat Filius ;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contriſtantem et dolentem,
Pertranſivit gladius.

II.

O quam triſtis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti !
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas Inclyti.

HYMN OF THE SORROWS OF MARY.

I.

STOOD th' afflicted Mother weeping,
Near the croſs her ſtation keeping,
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also paſſed the cruel sword.

II.

O how mournful and diſtreſſèd
Was that favored and moſt bleſſèd
Mother of the Only Son!
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illuſtrious One.

III.

Quis eſt homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Chriſti ſi videret
In tanto ſupplicio?
Quis non poſſet contriſtari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emiſit spiritum.

V.

Pia Mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Chriſtum Deum
Ut Sibi complaceam.

III.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Chriſt's mother
In such deep diſtreſs and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witneſſing that mother tender
Agonizing with her Child?

IV.

For His people's ſins atoning
Him ſhe saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling Offspring, dying
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

V.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may ſhower,
Tender Mother, fount of love!
Make my heart with love unceaſing
Burn towards Chriſt the Lord, that pleaſing
I may be to Him above.

VI.

Sancta Mater, iſtud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me tecum vere flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum ſtare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu deſidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi tam non ſis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere ;
Fac ut portem Chriſti mortem,
Paſſionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

VI.

Holy Mother, this be granted,
That the Slain One's wounds be planted
Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all aſtounded, —
Depths unbounded for me sounded, —
All the pangs with me divide.

VII.

Make me weep with thee in union;
With the Crucified, communion
In His grief and suffering give:
Near the croſs with tears unfailing
I would join thee in thy wailing
Here as long as I ſhall live.

VIII.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!
Be not bitter, me repelling,
Make thou me a mourner too;
Make me bear about Chriſt's dying,
Share His paſſion, ſhame defying,
All His wounds in me renew:

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari
Ob amorem Filii.
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, ſim defensus
In die Judicii.

X.

Fac me cruce cuſtodiri,
Morte Chriſti præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradiſi gloria.

IX.

Wound for wound be there created;
With the Croſs intoxicated
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray —
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
In the solemn Judgment Day.

X.

Let me by the Croſs be warded,
By the death of Chriſt be guarded,
Nouriſhed by divine supplies.
When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

REMARKS.

NO admiration of the lyric excellence of the Stabat Mater ſhould be allowed to blind the reader to those objectionable features which muſt always ſuffice, as they have hitherto done, to exclude it from every hymnarium of Proteſtant Chriſtendom. For not only is Mary made the object of religious worſhip, but the incommunicable attributes of the Deity are freely ascribed to her. Her agency is invoked as if ſhe were the third person of the Trinity, or had powers coördinate and equal.

Plainly it is the province of the Holy Ghoſt, and not of any creature, to "work in us to will and to do;" to effect ſpiritual changes; to "take of the things of Chriſt and ſhow them unto us,"—and yet these are the very things which ſhe herself is aſked to accompliſh for the ſuppliant. "Fac," alone, aſide

from potential equivalents, is used at leaſt nine times, — a form of expreſſion manifeſtly inappropriate unleſs addreſſed to one capable of acts causal and original and therefore divine. Not content, it seems, with making her a fountain of supernatural influence, a succedaneum of the Holy Ghoſt, her efficiency is extended to the performance likewise of the work aſſigned to the Son, —

Per te, Virgo, ſim defenſus
In die Judicii, —

an expreſſion of reliance on her rather than on Him to ward off in that day the demands of divine juſtice. Mariolatry here culminates. It could not well be carried farther.

Conſidering that the poſition here given to the mother of Chriſt receives not a particle of countenance anywhere in the New Teſtament, one is led to wonder how those who accepted its teachings could ever have fallen into so awful an error. If prayer of any kind addreſſed to her were laudable or lawful, how can it be explained that all the sacred writers are so intensely reticent upon the point that it is not poſſible to find written so much as a ſingle

syllable to authorize it, or a solitary example to sanction it? It is remarkable that Chriſt, while here on earth, did not heſitate to rebuke His mother on a certain occaſion when ſhe manifeſted a diſpoſition to intrude her maternal human relation into the sphere of His divinity, saying: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" At another time, upon being told that His mother and His brethren ſtood waiting without, He said, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" and ſtretching forth His hand toward His disciples, He said, "Behold, my mother and my brethren? For whosoever ſhall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and ſiſter and mother."

Everybody muſt feel that there is a sublime propriety in this declarative poſtponement, once for all, of fleſhly relationſhips to the spiritual; and that it would be infinitely unbecoming in Him, who is the Creator of all and the Judge of all, to be a respecter of persons, swayed as men are swayed by the fond partialities of blood and kindred. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the ſlight mention made of Chriſt's mother in the Evangeliſts, and the entire

absence of any allusion to her in the rest of the New Testament. Even the Apostle John, to whose loving care she was committed, and who took her to his own house, neither in his Epistles nor in the Apocalypse names her so much as once. Paul, the most voluminous of the New Testament writers, is wholly silent in regard to her.

When the people of Lystra were making ready to pay divine honors to Barnabas and Paul, they, hearing of it, "rent their clothes, and ran among the people, crying out and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things?" If these revolted at the idea of being made the objects of religious worship, can we suppose that supreme form of it less shocking to the soul of Mary, which is necessarily implied in addressing her as the omniscient and omnipresent hearer and answerer of prayer? Such honor is dishonor. It is an offering of robbery. It robs God.

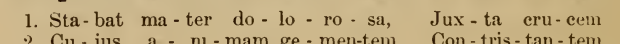
STABAT MATER.

(SUNG ON EVERY FRIDAY DURING LENT.)

No. 1. *As sung in the Churches at Rome.*

GREGORIAN CHANT.
From the "Catholic Psalmist."

1. Sta - bat ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa, Jux - ta cru - cem
2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men-tem, Con - tris - tan - tem



la - cry - mo - sa, Qua pen de - bat fi - li - us.
et do - len - tem, Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us.

3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4. Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6. Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.

7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

9. Pia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

10. Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut Sibi complaceam.

11. Sancta mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12. Tui nati vulnerati
Tam dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide.

13. Fac me tecum pie flere
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.

14. Juxta crucem tecum stare
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

15. Virgo virginum præclara
Mihi tam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolere.

17. Fac me plagis vulnerari
Cruce hac inebriari
Ob amorem filii.

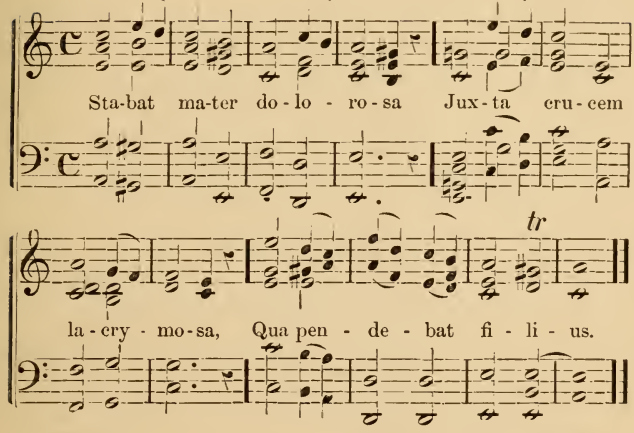
18. Inflammatus et accensus
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

19. Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi præmuniri
Confoveri gratia.

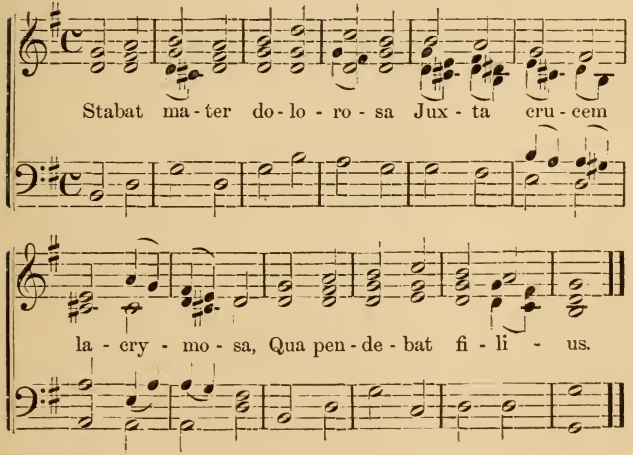
20. Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

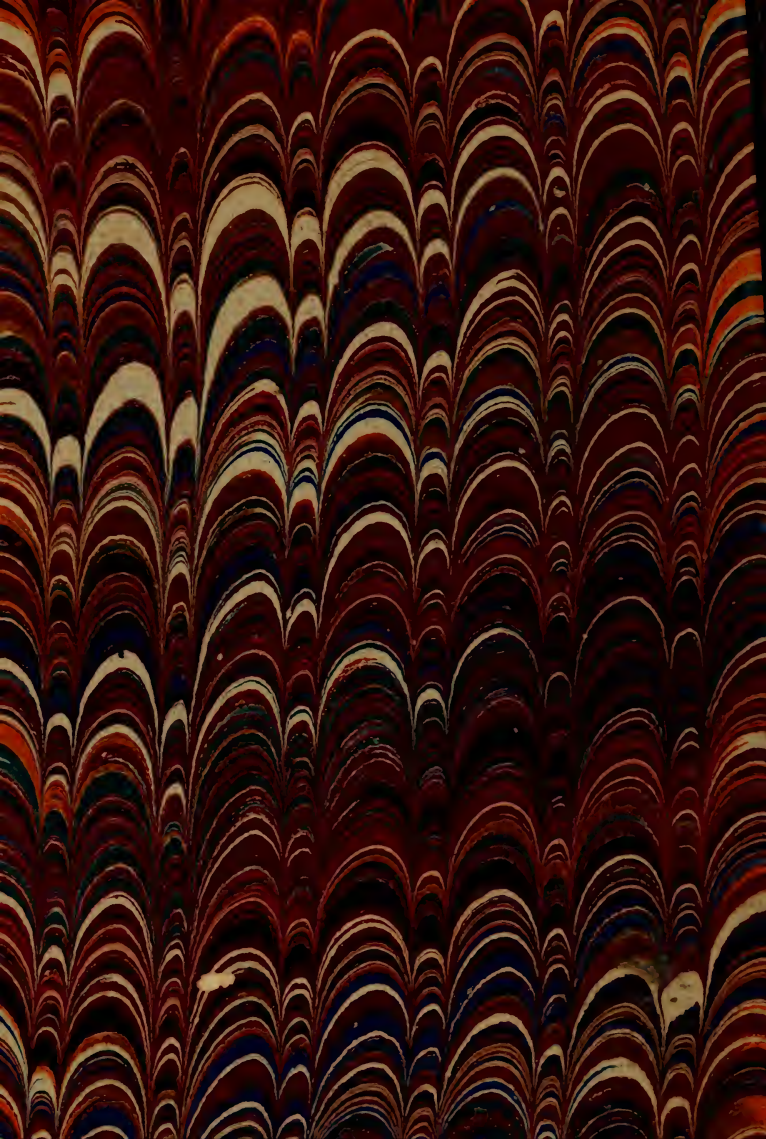
STABAT MATER.—Chant for Four Voices.

No. 2. NOVELLO. *From "Evening Service."*



No. 3. *"Rohr's Collection."*





Latin Hymns
with
Original Translations.

Dr. Coles.